Together

Syngman Rhee on Korea

In color: The Twelve Disciples

How to Handle Hoodlums

The Midmonth Magazine for Methodist Families October 1957

Growing Up— is One Year Old!

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The Midmonth Magazine for Methodist Families

"Is thy heart right, as my heart is with thine? . . Dost thou love and serve God? It is enough. I give thee the right hand of fellowship."

John Wesley (1703-1791)

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Yes, sir, we're growing, too! TOGETHER was born one year ago. And like our cover boy and girl, we hope we have added to our stature. But whether one measures growth by yardstick, against doorjamb, or by public acceptance, it is always thrilling to look back on the mark left one year ago. Photograph by Vivienne Lapham.

NO MAN OF DISTINCTION

He used to be someone's little boy—and started life decently. How did he get this way? What does it mean to you? Fred Zepp has an answer on page 50. Mrs. Russell M. Taylor of Waldron, Ind., the wife of a Methodist minister, made this classic study of a human derelict in New York's Bowery district.

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JOI
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BLYMA

We're Now
One Year Old!

YOU HOLD in your hands what one non-Methodist editor has called "the most remarkable magazine in Protestantism." Whether he is right is for you to decide. But I can tell you a bit of its history.

TOGETHER is one year old, we say. Actually it is 131 years old, for it is a continuation of the *Christian Advocate,* launched in 1826. But at the General Conference at San Francisco in 1952, our bishops challenged our church to embark on "a bold venture" with a journal to carry the meaning and mission of our church into all Methodist homes.

It should, they said, combine "the best of modern craftsmanship and editorial skill." They set up a goal of one million subscribers for the first year, then declared: *"It can be done and we are the people to do it!"*

TOGETHER was launched last October, following endorsement of plans in May by the General Conference at Minneapolis. It was an unusual task, starting a full-fledged quality publication on such short order. Usually in the secular publication field, new magazines are preceded by many months or years of preparation. But to the amazement of some of our friends, TOGETHER burst full-blown, and right on schedule.

One year later, because over 5,000 churches use the All Family Plan (putting subscriptions in their budgets for families on their rolls), TOGETHER is visiting almost a million homes each month. With three million families and over nine million Methodists, we feel this is but a start toward realizing the great dream underlying the "bold venture."

For TOGETHER was conceived in the spirit of evangelical outreach exemplified by John Wesley, our founder, who didn't wait for people to come to church. He sought them out on America's frontier and on England's highways and byways. Similarly, TOGETHER strives to extend the ministry of your local church. With your support and prayers, we believe it can do a great service in advancing the cause of Christ and his kingdom.

Sincerely,

LOVICK PIERCE, *Publisher*

Selected Bits from Your

Letters

Is Laughter Religious?

JOHN F. MILLER
Berkeley, Calif.

I read Minnie Pearl's article, *My Religion of Laughter* [August, page 9]. Laughter and happiness are surface expressions. I find nothing in the life of Christ where he expressed himself thus. Joy, however, is another word and another realm entirely. Joy is eternally minded, spiritually centered.

She's Askin' About Aspen

MRS. JOHN J. REDEKER
Elgin, Ill.

Where in the 77 pages of your August issue do you name the place of your cover photo by Mildred L. Cromwell?

Sorry! We should have noted, on the inside cover, the "purple mountains" are the Maroon Bells, near Aspen, Colo. For further details, see the photographer's letter below.—EDS.

Details for Camera Clickers

MRS. EDWARD D. CROMWELL
Chicago, Ill.

So many people have asked me where the print on the cover of the August TOGETHER was taken, and the details of its taking, that I am writing to give you the information. It was taken at Maroon

Lake, near Aspen, Colo., at about 3 P.M., September 30, on Anscochrome film. The camera was a Rolleiflex and I used a Weston meter. I believe it was exposed 1/100 second at either f:8 or f:11. The mountains in the distance are the Maroon Bells.

Luxury of Being 50—Pooph!

MRS. HARRY W. EGOLF
Reisterstown, Md.

I'm close enough to 50 to say a few things about Phyllis Heald's article, *The Luxury of Being 50* [July, page 31]. It seems silly to state that because you now are 50 "Our families are beyond the 'I must worry' stage." I'm somewhat inclined to think Mrs. 50 is not a mother and certainly not a grandmother. Sounds to me as though she's hunting an excuse to be lazy. Who expects to sit back at 50 and let things go—just listen to TV or records, or "bask in the understanding peace and silence that 27 years of marriage has developed?" Pooph!

And the reading—imagine waiting till you're 50 to find beauty in the Bible!

Why Pick on Kilmer?

BERTIN D. GODDARD, *City Judge*
Hot Springs, S.D.

Donald Peattie offended me in *Sinless and Godless* [July, page 26] by picking on Kilmer's poem, *Trees*. His statement that "trees are made only by trees" is silly. . . . Originally there was no tree, but there was an intelligent creative power which designed and created trees. That Creator is commonly called God, and Scripture might even be quoted to the effect that God created all things.

Kilmer's 'Trees' Defended

ZOLA KAYLOR
Miamisburg, Ohio

Donald Culross Peattie's explanation of natural laws and the way in which conditions on earth are adapted and planned to sustaining life, in *Sinless and Godless*, was excellent. The perfect fit of all nature's parts was presented clearly.

However, his attack on Joyce Kilmer's *Trees* was unjustified and not in keeping with the remainder of the article. I cannot accept the idea that trees are made only by trees. This same form of reasoning followed through would argue that anything, be it vegetable or animal, is indebted only to the seed for its existence. From whence come the life-giving qualities of the seed? . . .

Reply from Mr. Peattie

DONALD CULROSS PEATTIE
Author and Naturalist
Santa Barbara, Calif.

The idea that I have dared to attack Joyce Kilmer's *Trees* seems to outrage many people. Kilmer wrote many poems far better than *Trees*, but whether *Trees* is a good poem or a bad one, as poetry, is a matter of opinion. I am not angry with the people who adore it and say so, and see no reason why they should be vituperative to

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me because I do not adore it and say so.

The idea that trees are made by trees, "each according to its kind," is derived by me from the first chapter of Genesis, verse 11. It is not stated there that God separately makes each tree every time a new one comes up—whether a cherry, a plum, or an oak. It is stated that God said, "Let the earth bring forth grass, the herb yielding seed, and the fruit tree yielding fruit after his kind, whose seed is in itself, upon the earth; and it was so."

It would seem to be self-evident, therefore, that trees are made by trees just as man is born of woman. There is nothing blasphemous or silly in this idea unless you think Moses made a slip in Genesis I, 11.

Helped Church Attendance

MRS. HARRY PAUL JONES
Daleville, Ind.

I am an adult Sunday-school teacher in our small Methodist church in Middletown, Ind.

This summer our attendance for the hot months has been the best that it has been for many years. Our pastor, the Rev. Earl Cogan, believes that part of that attendance is due to the influence of TOGETHER, this beautiful and inspiring publication which reaches our people each month. We Methodists can be justifiably proud of an official magazine like this one.

Movies Are Here to Stay

JEAN GRAY ALLEN
Harrisburg, Pa.

You have printed a letter [July, page 3] protesting against publication of a list of Hollywood films. I feel compelled to "protest against this protest." Motion pictures, both good and bad, are here to stay. Christians can use their brains in selecting the best, just as they can when voting at the polls. This is easily done by reading and heeding the + and — signs in Harry Spencer's column.

Oh, for Another Picnic!

JOSEPH W. ELLER
Willimantic, Conn.

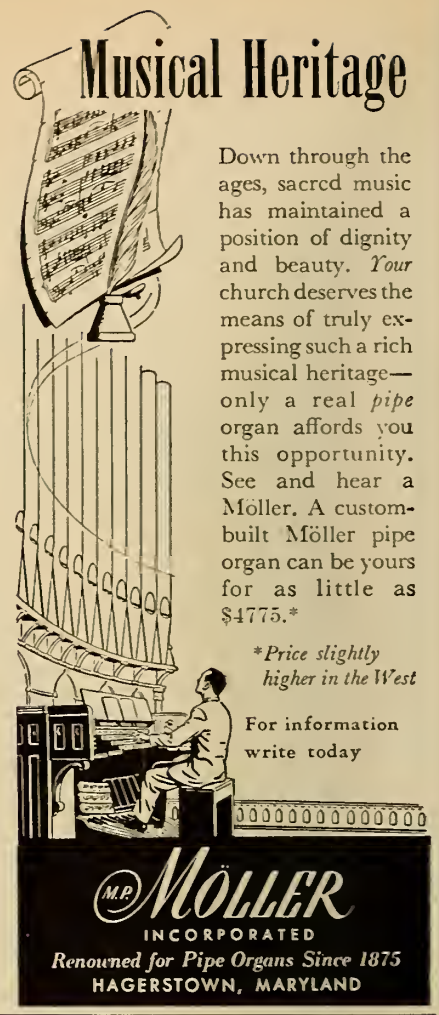
Thanks for your illustration of "an old-fashioned Sunday-school picnic" [August, inside cover]. It brings reminiscences of bygone days when communities contested for the largest delegation, in singing, and other matters, enjoyed ice cream and lemonade, and a grand feed at the noon hour.

Have We No Faith?

MRS. PHIL H. FINLEY
Twin Falls, Ida.

I was disturbed by *Babies Have the Right to Live* [August, page 23]. The

Musical Heritage



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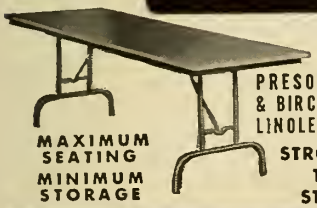

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author casts reflection on faith healing. He seems to feel that parents who turn to God for help during a child's illness are unconcerned with the welfare of their child. Are we as Christians to believe that it is permissible to ask God's assistance only after medical aid has done all that it can—never before? I find the article anything but a shining example of Christian faith!

John Wesley Would Approve

RALSTON B. LATTIMORE
Superintendent National Park
Savannah Beach, Ga.

As I write from Cockspur Island, I cannot but feel that John Wesley, were he alive today, would derive great satisfaction in the extraordinary magazine, TOGETHER, which you publish for The Methodist Church. Your July number is magnificent.

We are proud to have the John Wesley Memorial within the boundaries of Fort Pulaski National Monument and we are most grateful for the fine article you have published describing it.

We hope Supt. Lattimore is right. TOGETHER *does try to carry on in the spirit of evangelical outreach that marked John Wesley.*—EDS.

Memories from Montana

HARRY E. CHAPPELL
Retired Methodist Minister
Great Falls, Mont.

Having been a Montana circuit rider, it was my privilege to meet both Brother Van and Charlie Russell. The Brother Van buffalo-hunt picture, the whereabouts of which Barnabas inquired in TOGETHER [August, page 54], is on loan in our lovely C. W. Russell Memorial Museum here. Russell's letter to Brother Van is also here in Great Falls.

Non-Methodists Read, Too

MRS. PHILIP WERTZ
Schenectady, N.Y.

Each month TOGETHER seems better. I've just read my August copy from start to finish and I'm proud to be a Methodist. To say what interested me most is impossible—the pictures are an inspiration; Martin Kawano's description of the Nagasaki bomb most thought provoking; in fact, I find every page helpful in facing the problems of our time. I keep a copy conspicuously placed in my living room and the favorable comments of our non-Methodist friends make me proud indeed.

A Centenarian's Salute

MRS. M. L. KEPLINGER
Carlinville, Ill.

Thank you for that fine Amos Alonzo Stagg article, *Bring the Best Out of*

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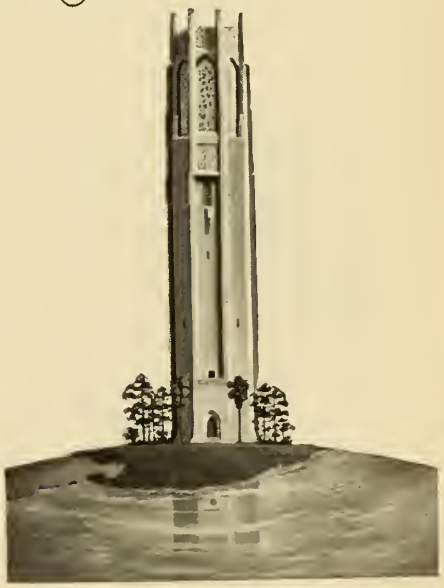

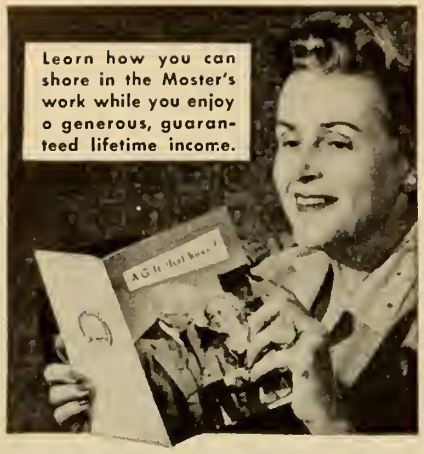

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Boys [August, page 15]. I've followed him since midsummer, 1892, when he was the coach at Chautauqua, N.Y., and held his Sabbath prayer meetings on Stagg Field with the lads. I am 100 years and eight months old and I say, "Bless you all."

'Twas Planned That Way

MRS. W. D. BEADLING
Scottdale, Pa.

How nice to read straight through an article without leafing through for "continued from page 3," or something like that.

Women Read Without Recipes!

MRS. R. W. NEWMAN
St. Cloud, Minn.

Thank you for not including in TOGETHER any homemaking section. In spite of my pride as a homemaker, I'm grateful for your assumption that women will read a magazine that doesn't include even one recipe or handy hint!

Help for Our 5 Big Jobs

J. A. ENGLE, *General Secretary Joint Section of Education and Cultivation, Methodist Board of Missions*

Thank you for the article by Dr. Otto Nall, *Our Church's 5 Big Jobs* [August, page 26]. This is a most helpful article which will contribute greatly to the understanding by individual Methodists of the tremendous task which faces the church.

For 20th-century Methodists . . .

ROGER J. SQUIRE, *Pastor, First Methodist Church, Red Bank, N.J.*

The time has come to praise the editors and staff of a church magazine which is aware of the fact that we present-day Methodists are living in the 20th century.

We have three teen-agers in our family. Two are in high school and one in college. With no urging on the part of their preacher father, they enjoy reading TOGETHER on their own initiative. So I add my thanks to my congratulations.

GIs—Our Forgotten Men

MEL OLIVER, *SFC Medical Corps Tacoma, Wash.*

Such an article as Gordon Gaskill's *How Bad Are GIs Abroad?* would not have to be written if more churches here at home kept in touch with our young men and women overseas. During my 36 months in Europe and the Far East, I found most of our young people feel forgotten. Maybe the home church was in touch with them two or three times a year, but then they are forgotten or dropped from mailing lists. I had to look hard for a bulletin or even an *Upper Room* sent by the home church.

Our churches are at fault for not taking a firmer stand to back up our young people in the service of our country. We forget them—until word comes through about trouble they get into.

We think reader Oliver is right. At least that's the conclusion we draw from letters we get from GIs whose churches, friends, or relatives have subscribed to TOGETHER *for them.*—EDS.

Sallman Portrait . . . Wedding Gift

MRS. CLAIR MANN
Prattsburg, N.Y.

As a teacher in the Methodist Sunday school here, I have found the lovely pictures in TOGETHER most useful. My class of third-grade boys and girls enjoys looking at them. Some we use for picture study; some we have made into "movies" illustrating Bible verses on nature; some I have set aside for framing and home and church-school use. Sallman's head of Christ [October, page 46] I plan to use as a wedding gift.

More Cover Criticism

REV. GAITHER L. DAY, *Pastor Calvary Methodist Church Weatherford, Tex.*

There was quite a bit of comment made to me, as the pastor, about the July cover. In essence, people commented: "This being a church magazine, we do not feel it was proper or in place for the family to be so loosely dressed, especially the mother in shorts and a tight-fitting sweater."

Granted this is typical of the American way of life, I feel more consideration should be given to the effect of such a picture upon the homes that the magazine reaches.

Yes, God Is Everywhere

MRS. LIZZIE B. CARSON
Trenton, N.J.

TOGETHER helps me enjoy the precious years of my allotted time. God is everywhere with the lovely pictures and serious thoughts for us older folks.

Treasure for Together!

REV. WATSON E. HOLLEY
Miami, Fla.

I want to share with your wonderful magazine these lines by Edward Everett Hale:

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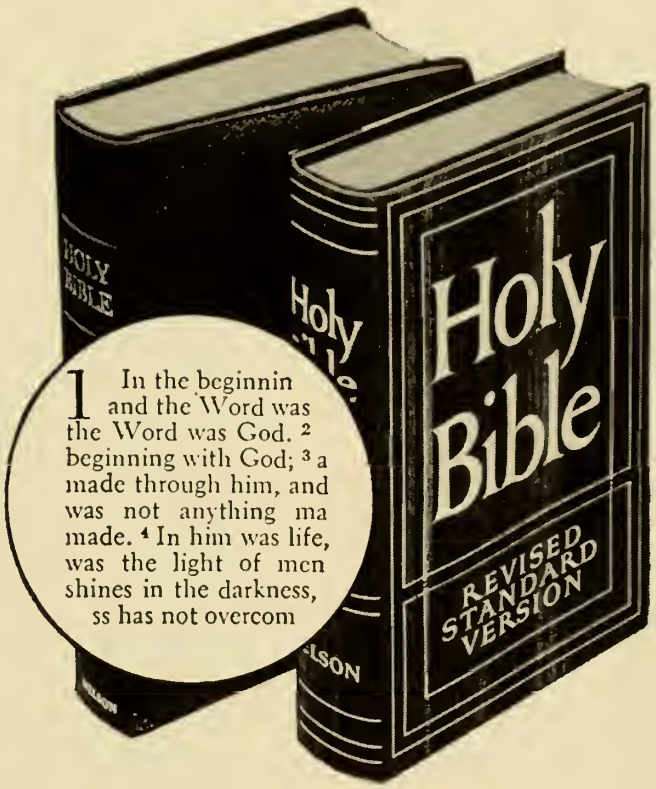

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Together / NEWSLETTER

POLITICIAN TO PREACHER. Donald E. Stocum, mayor of Johnson City, N.Y. (population 20,900), has resigned—to become a Methodist pastor in Castle Creek and Glen Castle, N.Y. The Wyoming Conference layman was onetime president of the New York Conference of Mayors.

METHODIST STUDENTS COOL ON MERGER. After seriously talking union with youth groups of four other denominations, leaders of the Methodist Student Movement have put on the brakes—they want more time to think it over.

PASTORS DIVIDE ON FAUBUS. The Little Rock integration crisis sparked hot debate at the annual Arkansas Methodist Pastors' school at Conway. Afterward, 27 out of some 200 ministers signed a statement scoring Gov. Orval E. Faubus on such grounds as: exciting racial tensions, abusing the autonomy of local school districts, and disregarding federal law.

POPE ASKS TV CHECKUP. Look for the Catholic Church's "Legion of Decency" to expand its watchdog activities. Pope Pius XII now wants a world-wide organization which would check not only on the moral aspects of the movies, but radio and TV as well.

YOUTHS VOTE TO RECOGNIZE RED CHINA. After a heated three-hour debate, the National Conference of Methodist Youth voted 78-22 at Denver, urging admission of Red China to the UN. (For pro and con arguments see Powwow, TOGETHER, March 1957.) The majority argued it is idle to ignore the power of the Chinese Communist regime, and stressed that recognition does not imply approval.

IS METHODIST MACHINERY OUTDATED? That question was aired at San Francisco in the second of a series of 24 hearings on the jurisdictional system. (The Methodist Church in the U.S. is organized into five major systems or jurisdictions.) Some ministers and laymen testified the jurisdictional system is costly and outdated, and suggested it be retained only for the election of bishops.

5,000 LAYMEN BACKSTOP PREACHERS. Across the U.S. more laymen than ever before are filling vacant Methodist pulpits. A rapid rise in lay speakers has just been reported by the General Board of Lay Activities.

MISSION HEADQUARTERS TO MOVE. In 1960, Methodist Board of Missions will move to a new Protestant Center in New York City. It will lease 80,000 square feet (three floors) for 10 years, with an option to renew. The Board has been at 150 Fifth Ave. in New York since 1890.

(For more church news see page 69)

The Day My Religion Meant Most to Me

A stimulating example of brotherhood in action: that's Miss Tennis' personal narrative, winner of second prize in TOGETHER'S The Day My Religion Meant Most to Me *contest. We know it will capture your heart, as it did our judges'.*—EDS.

I WILL NEVER forget the date—April 20, 1952. At that time I was principal of Bywood School in Upper Darby, Pa., and it fell my lot to lead pupils and teachers of the fourth, fifth, and sixth grades on a "pilgrimage to the churches." We visited a Lutheran church, a Roman Catholic church, and a synagogue—and it was the most heart-warming experience of my life.

Our community was in the midst of celebrating Upper Darby Week and our school superintendent had asked all of us principals to co-operate. While the observance was primarily a commercial promotion, we in the schools put our full efforts into teaching the community's geography and history. Upper Darby is a community in Delaware County, just west of Philadelphia. Parts of Upper Darby were still being built; many newcomers had moved out from the city, and this celebration was an opportunity to help build up their loyalty to new surroundings.

I had then been principal 26 years. Year after year we had promoted activities to make the children conscious of their privileges—and responsibilities—as American citizens. Parents were most co-operative. Generously, they supported our efforts to do for others as our concept of "neighbor" grew.

In school, we felt the need of emphasizing the idea of "learning to live together." We talked of it in classrooms, we wrote and gave plays and pageants to promote this theme. We sensed the need to understand the religious practices of our neighbors. Some children were absenting themselves for holy days and high-holiday ceremonies. Then there came to our attention an excellent book, *One God—The Ways We Worship Him* by Florence Fitch [Lothrop, $3]. It's the story, told on a child's level, of the three major religions. We had several copies and some teachers encouraged informal discussions of the book.

Later, as our Jewish enrollment increased, we began to hear comments about our emphasis on the Christmas story, which naturally received marked attention at the holiday season. Through a wonderful Jewish teacher on our staff I learned about the Hebrew holidays, among them Hanukkah, a happy occasion—a family celebration with feasting and gifts which falls shortly before Christmas. As a result, each year we had been holding a Hanukkah assembly for the school. Our Jewish children brought their candlesticks, told the other children why they were celebrating. This made it easy for us to have the Jewish children participate a short time later in the Christmas story.

With this background, it was a natural step for the faculty to agree to include a visit to three houses of worship as part of the school's observance of Upper Darby Week. Our aim was to further this mutual understanding among the pupils. I contacted the pastor of the nearest Protestant church, which happened to be Lutheran, a rabbi whose children attended Bywood School, and a priest at a Roman Catholic church, with whom I had had slight contact when his basketball team used our gymnasium.

AND SO, at 10 A.M. on that memorable April 20, with over 200 boys and girls and their teachers, we started out with a visit to the Lutheran church. The pastor met us at the door and invited us to sit in the front seats of the sanctuary. He went into the pulpit and talked of the altar, the vestments he wore, and why different colors were used on the altar during different seasons. He called attention to the Bible stories depicted in the stained-glass windows. Then one of the mothers led us through church-school rooms, with their worship centers. Since Sunday schools are a vital part of Protestant churches, it seemed well to emphasize this. We also saw many other rooms of the church and had their uses explained to us.

Then we proceeded to the synagogue. We were met at the door by the rabbi, who invited us to the main part of the synagogue. He took the copy of the Torah from the Ark and read from it in Hebrew, then explained some principles of the Jewish faith. As we left the room, the rabbi had us all pass by the Torah for a close-up of its beauty. We could see its pages, strikingly illuminated, in the original Hebrew.

After lunch, we went to the Roman Catholic church. It was a beautiful spring day and the priest was on the front steps to greet us. He, too, invited us to occupy the front seats in the beautiful, newly completed sanctuary. As he spoke, he called attention to the lovely stained-glass windows and the stories their pictures told. He pointed out the seven stations of the cross and explained the significance of the Mass, the confessional, the burning candles. As he talked, worshipers knelt in prayer.

Our visits ended with a deep glow of rever-

ence and understanding. Truly, this was a wonderful experience. The cooperation of children and parents alike was amazing. Yet we elders knew that it would not have been possible had not the children been trained for years in "learning to live together." Our children's attitude in each house of worship was reverent; their interest in the talks was intense. Each of the men of God gave opportunities for questions—and I was thrilled with the children's thoughtful inquiries.

Later, as I thought over the day's events and recalled that only one parent had raised an objection, I knew that all adults concerned had given consent to the right of every man to worship as he pleased. And by their acquiescence they recognized that by an understanding of another man's religion they were silently saying that he, too, has equal rights to his beliefs.

And what of this experience to these 9, 10, and 11-year-old youngsters? There comes to my mind Proverbs 22:6, "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it." I am convinced that no child who participated in this pilgrimage ever again can listen to slighting comments on any faith without recalling these men and the dignity with which they presented their beliefs.

All my life I have been a Methodist. I joined the church when I was nine, have taught in the church school, and been a member of the official board for many years. This much I know: The day I returned from this pilgrimage I felt that God had directed every step and that my life was enriched and broadened by my participation.

On March 31, 1953, Freedoms Foundation at Valley Forge, Pa., gave a George Washington honor medal to Bywood School, Upper Darby, for its "pilgrimage to the churches." The presentation was made to the author (now retired) in the presence, among others, of three parents of the school—a Jew, a Catholic, and a Protestant. The inscription reads, "For outstanding achievement in bringing about a better understanding of the American way of life."—Eds.

A Christian statesman who "dares to do his duty as he understands it" tells what his faith means to him--and to a world threatened by Red terror.

The Cross Over Korea

By SYNGMAN RHEE, *President of the Republic of Korea*

MY CONVERSION to Christianity occurred when I was in my early 20s and was imprisoned because of my attempts to reform and democratize the old monarchy of Korea. For six months I was tortured so severely that for the next 6½ years of my imprisonment I could not use my mangled hands. A missionary brought a New Testament to me—and I read it aloud while a fellow prisoner held it and turned the pages. In this way several of my prison comrades and I found our way to the healing, comforting spirit of Christ.

It is difficult to convey the cruelty of those old days. When I was suffering from being beaten or from the torture-twisting of my legs and fingers, I longed for death. When I learned that our reform movement was being swept away by an inrush of Japanese "advisers"—who wanted Korea as a bridge to further conquests in Asia—I was overwhelmed with the desolation of knowing that all I had worked and sacrificed to achieve was being destroyed.

Then it was that Christianity brought me enlightenment. I came to see that my will and my services were as nothing compared to the infinite wisdom and power of God. With this knowledge there entered into my soul a deep peace and confidence which has never left me since. I attained the rich understanding that this is God's world, that it rests forever in his hands, and that we who love and serve him can do so only in his way and in his time.

During my years of exile in Washington, D.C., from my Japanese-occupied homeland, I came under the ministry of the Rev. Frederick Brown Harris in Foundry Methodist Church. From his friendly pulpit and in the warmth of his study I learned the lesson of conquering meekness—of the strength that comes from subordination of self to the sovereignty of God.

To me, this never has meant stepping passively aside to "let God do it." On the contrary, my interpretation of the Christian message is that God, through Jesus, calls on each of us to put aside his own private concerns and become messengers and agents of the divine will.

The will of God, it appears to me, is a plan of fundamental righteousness for a world that, through its own waywardness, is often astray. The function of the believing Christian is to enter as far as he can into the will of God in a supreme effort to help restore the course of events to the divine pattern.

What this pattern is has been best described in the Bible. For this reason, my wife and I have always made a reading of the Bible an indispensable part of our early-morning preparation for the day's tasks. The second avenue to a discovery of God's plan for our individual labors is prayer. Without prayer, one shuts himself away from the single greatest source of strength.

The problems that bedevil (and the word is justly used) our modern world seem far more complex than they really are. Whether the questions are domestic or international, on the surface they seem entangled by intertwined strands of good and ill. Hence, if they are approached solely through an analytical intelligence, the mind soon bogs down under the task of trying to straighten out the tangle.

But this, I feel positive, is not God's design for the earth. His is a dynamic system of righteousness, encumbered and marred by evil influences and effects. When a confused situation appears to defy the utmost efforts of the mind, I have often found that a day or two of quiet prayer and meditation will reveal—beneath the surface appearances—a clear foundation of eternal right.

In trying to apply this Christian view to the trials of the presidency, specific problems are continuously encountered. As a Christian, what attitude should I take toward the religious views of my people? Some 3 million are Christian, in a whole body in southern Korea of over 22 million. I know in my deepest conviction that Christianity is superior as a creed and a way of life to Buddhism, Confucianism, and Taoism. But I would not dream of making this conviction operative in my political duties. My solution has been to be as friendly as possible to Christian missionaries and leaders, yet scrupulously fair to all those of other faiths. Our tradition of freedom of religion forbids any evangelism except that of free, individual persuasion.

Korea has long been known as "the most Christian land in the Orient." Originally it was because a far larger proportion of our population has turned to Christ than in any other Asian country. But I like to think that this proud title also has been earned by the Korean people in recent times by their determined willingness

to sacrifice their homes and their lives to defend the ideals of freedom, justice, and democracy.

One striking feature of the Korean War has been the tremendous upsurge of Christianity in our country during the very time of the greatest suffering. Many of our churches were destroyed. Many Christian pastors were captured and taken north —where some 87,000 of our civilians are still held as captives in flagrant violation of the truce terms. But during this period of trial our Christian population continued to expand—far more rapidly than ever before.

CHRISTIANS whose churches had been destroyed held services in tents or fields. New seminaries and Bible-study schools were opened in shattered warehouses and in crowded homes. New churches were built in great numbers, even before we were able to restore members' burned-out homes. Where ministers were not available, laymen preached. In a great national Christian revival, it seemed that every true Christian became an evangelist.

This development is not an accident. Christianity is real to our people, partly because it accords closely with the inner strength of our national traditions. In our history of 4,400 years, no Korean army has ever gone outside our boundaries to attack a neighboring country. Yet always we have fought to maintain the sanctity of our homeland. We have always felt that our ideals are worth defending and we would die rather than surrender them. This, I think, is akin to the spirit of the Jewish people and the later Christian believers.

Moreover, by geographical accident, Korea has always been surrounded by strong, aggressive neighbors. We have had to confront a worldly power far greater than our own and we have always turned to an inner strength of the spirit.

This was true in the 13th century, when we were invaded by the hordes of Genghis Khan. It was true when the Japanese attacked us, and were turned back, in the 16th century. During the 35-year occupation by Japan (1910-1945) it was our Christian minority that formed the indefeatable core of patriotic resistance. And when the Communists struck, our people responded as one to resist this atheistic, materialistic, totalitarian aggressor.

As we view the world today, it seems to us that the Christian nations suffer from deviation from the cardinal principles of their own faith. I believe they are concentrating too much on the confusing surface tangles of right and wrong, and are not conscious enough of the eternal foundation principles of divine righteousness.

To me it seems *wrong* to turn away from the stern duty of trying to liberate the 900-million people who are held captive by the Communist dictatorship. The immutable principle of liberty is at stake, and no devious interpretations of diplomacy can or should obscure this simple fact.

It seems *wrong* to concentrate national policies upon peace rather than justice. A peace that is based upon moral compromises can end only in surrender to evil. Avoidance of suffering and sacrifice never has been the road to salvation. When statesmen begin their analyses of any international problem with a clear determination to find what solution is just, and to enforce it, the present confusions will begin to clear away.

Instead, we constantly encounter considerations of what policy may appear to be expedient, or what must be done to lighten the economic burdens upon some nations, or what may be attempted without serious risk. I cannot believe that this is a truly Christian approach to statesmanship.

UNDER any circumstances, to be genuinely and deeply Christian in practice as well as in belief is a severe challenge. The Sermon on the Mount and the divine example of the life of Jesus are idealistic goals toward which many may strive—and profit greatly in the striving. But few can counteract the compromising demands of daily life sufficiently to approach close to these Christian ideals.

For those who have the responsibility of shaping or administering national governments, the problem of achieving a truly Christian pattern of living is even more complex. Every new day makes its demands for decisions affecting the welfare of millions—and what helps some is a hindrance to others.

In the course of a single day, for example, I may have to decide whether the price of electricity should be raised (helping to stabilize the national budget and aiding in checking inflation, but also imposing a heavier burden on consumers already suffering from high prices); whether some welfare funds should be spent on more food for many or special medical care for a few; whether to cut expenses by rejecting the proposed construction of a new road, or let the money be spent—to make jobs and provide transportation facilities.

Few such problems have solutions readily identifiable as right or wrong. Yet often I find such decisions easier when I try to approach them as practical exercises in Christianity.

IN THIS discussion, I have confined myself to a statement of fundamental principles. My own acts and policies must be judged by others. I can only ask that they be evaluated in terms of their long-range adherence to a deep conviction that this world is governed by a just God, who expects (nay, demands) that we, his children, must subordinate ourselves as agents for helping to make righteousness eventually and eternally supreme.

If I were to try to define in short compass the duty of a leader, I should say it is *to try to be a fit instrument for the working out of God's will.* In cynical societies this philosophy may be debated into a theory of the "divine right to rule." Among fanatics, it becomes a license to wage holy wars. But wisely and temperately interpreted, this injunction requires that a national leader must be humble and prayerful in his approach to God, but must be willing to sacrifice popularity at any time to do what he is convinced is right.

In all history, in any time and at any place, there is too little of this spirit. It is hard for me to conceive there ever could be too much.

What unyielding qualities saw him through years of torture, imprisonment, and exile to Christian leadership in war-torn Korea?

The 3 Secrets of Syngman Rhee

Korean flower girls join the Rhees as thousands turn out at Seoul to celebrate his 82nd birthday.

By Frederick Brown Harris
Chaplain, U.S. Senate

ON THE DAY he ended 40 years of exile and left for his homeland, where he was elected president of the new Republic of Korea, Syngman Rhee appeared noiselessly in my study at Foundry Methodist Church in Washington, D.C. There was rapture in his face as he told me he wanted that to be the room from which he would leave America.

Deeply moved, I turned to a young minister present. "I want you to look upon the face of a man for whom the clock of destiny has struck," I said. "You will live to hear him acknowledged everywhere as the George Washington of Korea."

For 10 years I had been privileged to be Syngman Rhee's pastor. I think I recognized even at first the three secret qualities that have made him the dauntless leader he is today—but more about them later.

Here, in free America, we had dreamed together of a free Korea long before hordes of North Koreans and Chinese Reds were driven back to the 38th Parallel. And here, years before Pearl Harbor, this farsighted man had warned of Japan's designs in the Pacific, and had repeatedly sounded the alarm against communism. In world capitals he pleaded his cause often, but few listened.

My own love for Korea—a land I consider my second country—magnifies my respect for this man whose remarkable faith and energies today are rebuilding that country.

I know him as an able, gallant, fearless, and deeply religious man He has been called "dictatorial" by some who would compromise with communism, but there is not a drop of dictator's blood in his veins. He has been called stubborn—true only if his unrelenting stand for Christian convictions can be called stubborn.

To know the story of Syngman Rhee's 82 years is to understand him today. At 22, he was thrown into prison after leading a student demonstration against Korea's monarchic government. He remained there for seven years, much of that time in solitary confinement. During one six-month period he was brainwashed, beaten, his hands crushed, spikes driven into his legs, the soles of his feet beaten to bloody pulp—yet his spirit remained unbroken. It was then he found Christ, the font of his strength today.

Sentenced to life imprisonment, he was released by revolutionary friends in 1904 and came to America. Here, with Spartan discipline, he trained himself as a scholar and statesman, learning about democracy under the personal tutelage and friendship of Woodrow Wilson. All the while, his life's dream persisted—to make Korea a free, united republic.

Methodism has been an integral part of his life. When Japan annexed Korea in 1910, as he had foreseen, he returned to his homeland as a YMCA student secretary. He served as a Methodist missionary teacher and led a Christian student movement—while secretly organizing a political underground. He was a delegate to the 1912 Methodist General Conference in Minneapolis, and in 1913 founded the Korean Christian Church in Hawaii.

The details of Rhee's life would fill many books, but one personal chapter must be mentioned here because it has been such a great source of inspiration to him. It is the story of a love that began when he met Francesca Donner, an Austrian, in 1933, grew after their marriage a year later, and remains an epic in devotion today.

When I visited Korea last year and saw great throngs cheering the George Washington of Korea, I realized anew the accomplishments of an indomitable soul. What are the secrets that have enabled this hale and hearty octogenarian to achieve so much?

He has the capacity for a great love.

He has the capacity for a great enthusiasm.

And he has the capacity for a great wrath.

Syngman Rhee's great love is for Korea. His great enthusiasm is for freedom. And his great wrath is for atheistic communism, wherever it rears its ugly head.

From a distinguished author: The touching story of a boy's encounter with a world of artificiality.

Proud Son

HE SAT beside his mother in the school auditorium, angry at her for making him go.

On the stage he saw the boy he hated more than anybody else in the whole world. Edgar Floushay was his name, as Miss Ballesty told everybody when she introduced him.

"Edgar Floushay," she said, "will give a talk entitled *Getting Along at School.*"

"Oh, brother!" he groaned.

His mother took his arm quickly.

"John," she whispered, "will you please just listen to Edgar Floushay instead of making speeches of your own?"

He listened, and Edgar Floushay told one lie after another, talking unnatural and clear, in a sickening tone of voice.

After the talk John's mother said, "Do you know Edgar Floushay?"

"Yes."

"Is he your friend?"

"No."

"Why isn't he?"

"I wouldn't have a boy like Edgar Floushay for a friend."

"Why not?"

"He's a sneak and a liar."

"I thought he talked rather well."

"He told lies. *Getting Along at School* my foot! You've got to be a liar, like him, to get along at school."

The applause for Edgar Floushay was over now, and Miss Ballesty was setting the stage for the play written by the High Fifth English Class.

They *didn't* write it, though. Miss Ballesty wrote it and named it *Teamwork at Trancas.* Trancas was the name of the school. He knew all about the play. They had been fooling around with it for weeks, so it would be ready for the celebration just before school closed for summer vacation.

"Teamwork at Trancas," Miss Ballesty said, and the play began.

Here was a boy who was good. Here were 22 girls who were good. The good boy and the 22 girls worked together and changed the school grounds from a place to play ball into a garden.

That was the play.

The boy was Edgar Floushay.

There he was now, talking in his sickening voice, saying to one of the girls, "Yes, Maryjane, I think it would be an improvement to plant geraniums around the school."

He tried not to watch or hear any more of it, but every now and then he looked up at the stage and got so mad, silently, that his mother took his arm. She seemed to know when he was mad. At last the stuff stopped. The celebration ended. He and his mother got up and began to walk home.

"I hope you're satisfied," he said.

"Well, I did think it was rather nice," his mother said.

"What was?"

"The whole celebration. I wish you'd excel in something the way they do."

"What do they excel in?"

"Well, they're willing. They try. They go along with the teachers. You're unwilling."

"I don't like teachers."

"Why not?"

"They don't like *me.* They don't like anybody who isn't exactly the way they like boys to be. You've got to be like Edgar Floushay to get along with them . . . Edgar Floushay and the six or seven other boys out of more than 200. He's in my class. I don't know the others. I mean, they're the same kind, but they're not in my class, so they don't bother me. *He's* there all the time, though. How about us? How about the rest of us? We haven't even beat him up."

"You haven't?"

"No, we're afraid to."

"There, you see?" his mother said. "He's not only the brightest, he's the bravest."

"I don't know any boy who isn't brighter, and nobody at school has had a chance to be especially brave yet. We've had no fires."

"I mean, he can fight," his mother said.

"Who said so?"

"Well, you're all afraid of him. You said so yourself."

"Afraid to beat him up," the boy said. "Because Louie Lanigar did beat him up one day, and Edgar Floushay went and squealed. Well, after that Louie had extra trouble every day, and the extra trouble got to be just too much so he wouldn't come to school. They went and got him. He stopped coming again. They took him to Reform School. He ran away from there, too. It was in the paper."

"Then what happened?"

"They took him back to Reform School. He's there now. Best pitcher I ever saw."

"Why didn't Louie try a little harder to get along?" his mother said.

"You can't, because there's always somebody around like Edgar Floushay to spoil the teachers, make them think all boys can be that way, and they just can't. Edgar Floushay can, but the others can't. They only can be the way they are. Most of them don't expect to be hairdressers or anything like that, anyway."

"What *do* they expect to be?"

"Different things."

"What does Louie expect to be, for instance?"

"Pitcher."

"What about you?"

"I play right field pretty good. I bat fair, but that's not it. Everybody who's seen Louie pitch says he's got it. The rest of us just like to play, that's all."

"Well, you expect to be something, don't you?"

"I guess so."

"Well, what?"

"Well," the boy said, "the way I've seen things go at Trancas, I figure someday I'll open a school where a boy can be a boy."

They reached home and went in. His father had refused to go to the

By WILLIAM SAROYAN

celebration. He wanted to look at TV. He'd fallen asleep, though, and he was half-asleep when they went in.

"How was it?" he asked his son.

"Okay, I guess."

"Was it?" the man asked the woman.

"I thought it was pretty good," the woman said, "but I don't know. I don't go to Trancas. John does. I don't think he liked it very much."

"No?" the man said. "What was it, awfully *nice,* or something like that?"

"Well," the boy said, "I don't know what you'd call it."

"A little on the phony side maybe?"

"*I* think so."

His mother brought a plate of apples from the kitchen, and each of them took one and began to eat.

"Tell us about your friend Louie Lanigar," his mother said.

They spent an hour sitting and talking and eating apples. At last his father said, "Well, there it is. A lot of stuff goes on, I guess, that nobody knows much about, except the people it happens to."

"How do you like John's idea of a school?" his mother said to his father.

"It won't work," his father said, "but it's not a bad idea."

"Better than Trancas," the boy said.

"Better for pitchers, anyhow," the man said. "Good night."

His father went off, and then his mother said, "Teachers and mothers, are they a lot alike?"

"Well, not a lot."

"A little?"

"Well, a little, I guess."

"Well, I'm sorry I made you go to the celebration, but I thought we should go together. I mean, it was important for me. It wouldn't have been important if you hadn't been there."

"That's all right," the boy said, and went along to his room.

Watching him go, his mother smiled and felt strangely proud and perplexed, since she knew better than ever now how independent he was, how scornful of the false, how truly courteous, and how difficult it would always be for him to adjust to the everlasting artificialities of the world.

Edgar spoke about "Getting Along at School."

This house on a hilltop is dedicated by Bishop D. H. Tippett, right, and the Rev. C. R. Lewis.

Ever attend a home dedication? Then visit the Gene Russells of San Francisco. See . . .

How Their

PHOTOGRAPHS BY DICK MILLER

"Heart of a home is faith, shared love, gentleness," says the pastor. "It is a nesting place for Christian hopes."

House Became a Home

THE NEW rooms still smelled of fresh paint and plaster when Claramae and Gene Russell moved in. They plugged and unplugged lamps, tried the sofa in four different places, wondering if they'd ever feel settled again. That evening Gene had an exciting idea: Why not dedicate their dwelling to God? Intrigued, Claramae phoned their pastor, the Rev. Chester R. Lewis.

"Could you come over soon," she asked, "and help us consecrate our new home?"

"I'd be delighted." The minister was enthusiastic. "In fact, The Methodist Church has a special service for this very purpose. When shall we do it?"

So, on August 4, into the Russells' six-room home jammed 80 members of Trinity Methodist Church for the ceremony pictured on these pages. A surprise visitor was Bishop Donald Harvey Tippett, who helped the pastor deliver the brief, inspiring service found on page 653 of *The Discipline of The Methodist Church.*

"Oddly enough, too few Methodists know about this ritual," the bishop said. "It always gives a tremendous spiritual uplift . . . and it lays the kind of religious foundation that every family needs."

Bishop's blessing: *"We dedicate this home to the glory of God."*

What did we do *to deserve this?" the Russells ask as church board chairman Don McAlister reads 30 telegrams and letters from well-wishers.*

'GOD BLESS THIS HOUSE'

***New friends** are made as a boy climbs onto Bishop Tippett's lap during the service. "He just wanted some attention," the bishop chuckled.*

***"It's a beauty!"** Gene Russell exclaims as he unwraps one of two matching lamps presented by the church. Members also gave Gene and Claramae a clock in appreciation for the church youth work they've done during the last 10 years.*

***Coffee and cookies** in the Russells' front hall give lay leader Bill Rayhill, right, and the Donald Halls a pleasant moment with their bishop.*

San Francisco good-by from Gene and Claramae Russell on the stairs of their Golden Gate home. "Now other families want their houses dedicated, too," the Russells say.

"One last cookie, please." *Little Harriet Hall, stretching on tiptoe, makes a familiar request to Mrs. John Phillips and Bill Brown, two volunteers for that necessary job—the kitchen cleanup.*

Women—bless them—have had it their way too long as instructors of small children, says a six-footer who broke with tradition and boldly declares:

Kindergarten is for *Men!*

BY DON COWING

AT A RECENT party at our house the talk got around to traveling and someone asked, "Don, what would you say is the most fascinating place in the world?"

Unhesitatingly, I answered, "My kindergarten."

There were laughs—perhaps because I'm a six-footer and, at 30, weigh 200 pounds. I'm not the usual kindergarten-teacher type. But before our friends left, several were agreeing that my kindergarten room in Roseville, just outside Detroit, must be an exciting place.

I've liked teaching five-year-olds from the first day I walked into that room. I may well be the only man teaching a public-school kindergarten in the country. But I'd like to see hundreds of men being trained in colleges and universities to teach these tots. That "women only" sign on the kindergarten door ought to come down.

Never a day goes by without my becoming more firmly convinced that I am right. Children are directed by women too much of the time. Women do a commendable job, but I often see in a child's eyes a longing for a man to take a bigger part in his life.

I remember that first day at Wellington School. A wistful little girl stayed close to my desk while I organized the youngsters. She tried to lean against me. Two or three times she said, "Daddy's working nights again. Do you work nights, too?"

A blond boy with wide, brown eyes looked up from where he was making a bridge. "Mr. Cowing," he said, "could we go fishing tomorrow? My father said we would, but I think he forgot."

A couple of times a week some pupils would slip and call me "Mother." Sometimes, they've even called me "Miss Cowing" or "Mrs. Cowing."

"I may well be the only man teaching a public-school kindergarten. . . . That 'Women Only' *sign ought to come down."*

When it comes to life's little problems, Don is experienced.

Yes, children are around women too much. I didn't realize it myself until I started to teach kindergarten.

Boys and girls need a man in their lives in this first experience with school. If the man is missing, at home and school both, there's potential trouble. A developing child needs a mental pattern of a man to emulate. Otherwise he may develop traits of disobedience, fibbing, fighting—and even stealing. He believes these are the manly things to do unless he has a clear example of the way a man should act.

One thing bothers me a lot. That's when I hear parents say they prefer a man teacher because he'll be tougher than a woman. They believe that keeping order in the room is teaching school. Far from it. To me, the best teacher helps the children control themselves, helps them decide what's best, and then guides them to do it.

That's the only way to get discipline. You do it any other way and you're nothing but a jailer.

I try to train my pupils—I've had as many as 70 a day—to obey through the pressure of public opinion. When Roy knocked over Stanley's blockhouse, for example, I asked the whole class to see what happened. Again, when Albert knocked Frank off the tricycle, I called on the same court for a judgment. There was a chorus of disapproval—and Albert went over and told Frank he was sorry.

I am especially firm about fibbing. One father phoned me and demanded to know why his son wasn't getting the milk he was paying for. I said Larry was getting milk but refused to drink it. The next day I stood by the boy until he drank every drop. He drank it from then on, too, and his father came in to tell me how pleased he was. What had Larry been doing previously? Making himself feel important by playing one adult against another.

Mothers, too, seem more willing to accept this straight-from-the-shoulder treatment from a man teacher. I've spoken bluntly to some working mothers; neglect of children gets me angry. I recall one scrawny little girl, who came to class with her hair matted and her dress unironed, and who was badly in need of dental work. She would go into tantrums or sometimes be moody the whole morning.

Finally I went to the girl's house one night. The mother, who was working in a store five days—and often three evenings—a week, said, "You know, we've always wanted a new car, my husband and I, and now we've got one and I'm going to help pay for it." But what really got me was when she asked, "What can I do about my problem daughter?" I gave it to her flat.

"Quit your job," I said. "Stay home with her. And get rid of that car!"

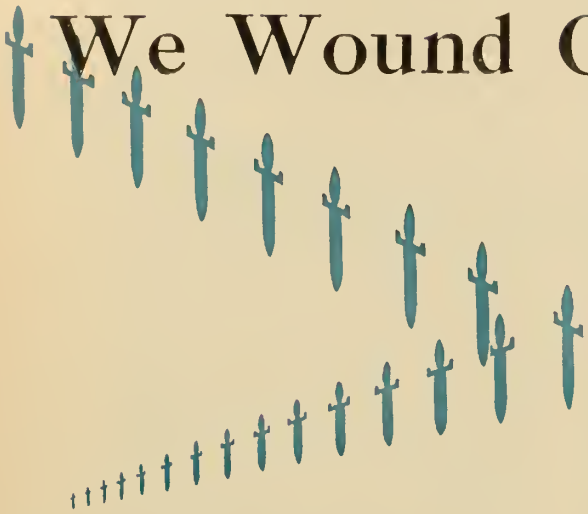
Maybe you won't believe it, but that mother didn't order me out. And a few weeks later, the girl's appearance and manner improved like magic.

How a modern Christian home helps a child to be happy in school may be even plainer to me because of my work at Trinity Methodist Church in Roseville. I taught Sunday school there two years and now I'm superintendent. It seems obvious to me that a good Christian home can be the most important classroom. The simplest matters, such as health, good behavior, manners, and habits of kindness, should be started as soon as the child is able to comprehend. Once the child reaches kindergarten, he should find nonsectarian religious lessons in his daily school life.

I've always opened my kindergarten with a prayer and I've never had any difficulty. Always, when we have our milk, we say a little grace. And the kindergarten room is filled with religious lessons. Whenever anything grows—seeds, flowers, insects—you

Little Lessons in Spiritual Efficiency

We Wound Ourselves



BY ROY L. SMITH

A QUIET, self-effacing woman with a long record of service in her church died under pathetic circumstances. Her pastor failed the family, with the result that they became resentful. The preacher had some small justification for his failure, but without question he was seriously at fault.

One member of the family, in describing the circumstances to a friend, said, "None of us will ever set foot inside that church again. We will never forget that man's behavior to our dying day."

Admitting that the family had cause for feeling aggrieved, the solution upon which they had agreed was the worst possible. It was not that they were injuring the preacher or the church, but rather that they were doing themselves serious damage. The offending clergyman could never have worked the injury upon them that they set out to work upon themselves.

Resentment is a reaction easy to understand. An offense committed against one we love may hurt worse than if committed against us. But for us to wound ourselves, by our own choice, in retaliation for a loved one's injury, is poor spiritual management.

Grief can be terrible, but when bitterness is added the combination becomes something like a spiritual cancer.

"I prayed for him," said another member of the family. "I prayed that he might see how wrong he had been and apologize." She did not realize that she had not really been praying at all. She had only been begging God to argue the matter with the preacher in her behalf.

There is great danger in the resolves we make while saturated with anger and resentment. It is easy to take an attitude that injures us at the moment we think we are injuring the offender.

There is a prayer we can offer for one who has wounded us. It is the prayer of genuine concern. If the offender has worked us woe as a result of an honest misunderstanding, then we should pray that he may be given light. If his offense has been a result of an evil spirit, we should pray that God may pursue him with mercy. But if we pray in the hope that God will accept our opinion in the matter and follow our guidance in disciplining him, then our prayer is certain to defeat itself.

Resentment is a spiritual disease well understood by psychologists, who warn us against it. Cherished, it can upset our mental balance, ruining all sense of peace and serenity. It acts as an irritant in the soul. Once it starts its corrosion of the spirit, there is no cure except spiritual surgery. It must be cut out. Resentment, like a cancer, gradually spreads until it destroys all the surrounding area of the soul.

Unfortunately, the one who resents usually feels he has abundant reason. And that may be true. But having a good reason for resenting does not constitute a valid excuse for injuring our own soul. It is not a problem of how our resentment may affect the offender. It is one of how it affects us.

When Jesus insisted that we should forgive until "seventy times seven" he was not concerned about the soul of the one who needed forgiveness. Rather, he was trying to save the one who could only be saved by forgiving.

It is one of the most common experiences of the average pastor that he must stand helplessly by and watch many splendid people wound themselves—by their own resentful attitudes.

must have an explanation for the children. And, of course, the only explanation for growth and the spark of life is God.

This is particularly true in the matter of new babies. It seems that almost all my pupils have new brothers and sisters coming along. I stress that it is God who gives us the babies and that because God gives them to us, we must be careful of them and help to care for them.

We talk about churches in our classroom, too, and I tell the children that each person has his own kind of church just as each has a particular home. On Friday I ask those planning to attend church Sunday to raise their hands. On Mondays I ask who went. I'm sure this way of recognizing churchgoing has made it seem important.

Children like to feel they belong. Before I asked for kindergarten, I taught second grade. There I wrote on the blackboard the names of the churches in the community and had the pupils tell which one they attended. I noticed, toward the end of a term, there would be a lot more young churchgoers than at the start of school.

Just as in church life, you must have family support and understanding to make a good life in school. Sometimes there in Trinity, and in my classroom, too, I think how we study for years to prepare for a job or a profession. Yet the biggest job of all, raising a family, is many times a hit-and-miss thing. We just don't study enough for a career as a parent.

It makes a teacher's work harder, of course. After a day in kindergarten, I've often felt every bit as bushed as when I come back from Selfridge Field, where I serve one day a month as a lieutenant in the Air Force Reserve.

Weary as I sometimes have been, I have always tried to remember the remark a smudge-faced, fatherless boy made in my room late one afternoon. I was at the door, telling the children good-by. He stopped the line and asked me, "Will you be here tomorrow, Mr. Cowing?" I nodded. Then he said simply, "Then I'll be here, too."

What job could offer a richer reward than that?

Bucking the Crowd

IT'S AN OLD, old story. A man with a vision of truth speaks out—and the crowd shouts him down. Yet sometime, perhaps centuries later, the crowd takes the vision as its own.

In this atomic age, with the fate of mankind hanging in the balance, it is more important than ever that we recognize the ideal, not be blinded by the glitter of the expedient.

Perhaps if we listen to voices from history . . .

MAN: If you leave meat all day on the hot-rock near the volcano, it tastes better. Let's try it that way at our next feast.

CROWD: The volcano's evil spirits might enter it and ruin our bodies. Raw meat is better anyway.

MAN: I don't believe there is a god in that brass idol. Only one God lives and he is invisible.

CROWD: Listen to the atheist! He must be sacrificed to pacify our great idol! Have the priests make the fire 10 times as hot!

MOTHER: I don't care if my child *was* born with a deformed foot. I love her. I want to keep her.

CROWD: Who's ever heard of keeping an imperfect girl child? The tribe can't afford to be handicapped. Expose her to the beasts tonight!

MAN: Does God really want us to kill all captive men, women, and children? Is he that cruel?

CROWD: One of God's prophets gave the command!

MAN: Our earth isn't the center of the universe.

CROWD: Burn him at the stake! Of course we're the center of God's universe. Who are you to contradict our wise men?

MAN: It's wrong to own slaves. I'm freeing mine.

CROWD: Radical! Didn't God himself condemn some men to be slaves to others?

MAN: Many diseases are caused by small, invisible plants and animals called "germs." Kill them and you stop the disease.

CROWD: He's no physician! Whoever heard of such a crazy notion? Sickness is caused by bad air.

MAN: Children under 10 shouldn't work 12 hours a day in factories! It's inhuman!

CROWD: Industry couldn't operate without them. Anyway, we must keep them busy. An idle brain is the devil's workshop.

MAN: These slums are unfit for human habitation! Let's tear them down and build decent homes.

CROWD: Those people wouldn't know what to do with nice houses. Besides, poverty breeds thrift and self-reliance.

MAN: God wants us to love our enemies and do good to those who abuse us.

CROWD: Nice idea, but what's in it for us?

MAN: The time has come for a world organization expressing the common hopes of all men and having sovereignty over all nations.

CROWD: Sounds nice in theory, but the time isn't ripe. Maybe 100 years from now.

MAN: We must control atomic weapons. If we don't, mankind may be wiped off the earth.

CROWD: Don't be stupid—it would never work. Besides, we have more H-bombs than anyone else. They'd be crazy to start anything.

—BY GRAHAM R. HODGES

GRIDIRON MOTHER. Eight years ago, Elizabeth Weafer persuaded her teacher-husband, Eugene, to organize a catch-as-catch-can football team for his pupils in rural Gause, Tex., part of the idea being to provide recreation for their own five youngsters. Elizabeth charted the plays at night —and the Gauselings turned out to be natural-born footballers. At season's end, Mrs. Weafer challenged any team their size—under 14 and less than 100 pounds—the proceeds to go to crippled children. Out of this has grown the National Milk Bowl, an annual "bowl game for small fry" and such a top-drawer attraction that in '56 it was carried on 550 radio and 110 TV stations. Says Elizabeth, stunned by the bowl's growth, "As a good Methodist, all I know to do is pray for guidance."

MRS. WEAFER—Out of her bowl games, new hope for crippled children.

Unusual

GENERAL CARPENTER (left)—Wherever airmen are, there is his charge.

GLOBAL CIRCUIT RIDER. It was a quiet, friendly Methodist who set up the chaplaincy of the U.S. Air Force in World War II. And it's that same Methodist who now is chief of all air force chaplains. He's Maj. Gen. Charles I. Carpenter, a man who is as familiar a sight on the airfields in Morocco and Japan as at his desk in Washington. He has served more time in the air force than any other chaplain, is the only chaplain on active duty ever chosen as delegate to a General Conference ('56). Son of a Methodist pastor, his early leanings toward the pulpit never cramped his other talents: He gave baritone and violin concerts as a young man, was a New York radio performer, played pro basketball and baseball. One GI's appreciative summary: "A real good Joe."

MAN OF THE WHORL. Criminals fear Edwin A. Hoffman. Fingerprint expert in the Philadelphia Police Department since 1948, he's tripped up slick lawbreakers time and again, has been a key man in smashing many a "perfect crime." His interest in this field dates back to his navy days in World War I; in the last 25 years he has worked his way to the top as a professional. Aside from studying the mysteries of the whorls, arches, and loops of suspects' prints, his main interest is in the Arch Street Methodist Church. There he is a frequent leader—on his weekdays off—of 10-minute noonday services, is active in Methodist Men. In the Bible he finds references to his specialty—as in Job 37:7: "He seals up the hand of every man, that all men may know his work."

EDWIN HOFFMAN—To criminals, a threat; to fellow churchmen, a leader.

Methodists

J. ERNEST WILKINS—In his job and his church, two memorable firsts.

LIAISON LAWYER. The difficult job of serving as a link between our government and labor groups abroad is in the hands of J. Ernest Wilkins, Methodist layman with a long string of firsts to his credit. Among them: As Assistant Secretary of Labor, he is the first Negro to reach such a top post in Washington, and he is the first of his race to serve on Methodism's "supreme court"—our Judicial Council, of which he is president. Husband of a Methodist preacher's daughter, he has been one of Methodism's most active laymen for many years, giving—among other things—free legal advice to indigent members of his home church, St. Mark on Chicago's south side. His two guiding precepts, in government as in his law practice: "To apply Christian principles" and "be fair."

How to Handle Halloween

Here's What Happened to Us

By Jesse Stuart
Novelist, poet, and educator

DRIVING DOWN our lane to the W-Hollow Road, my wife and I found two guard railings in the ditch. Someone had pulled up three locust posts I had set three feet in the ground. And the Kentucky state highway signs were missing.

Why? We had always tried to help people in our community of Greenup. Why had anyone destroyed our property and stolen the state's? Some passers-by had reported the depredation to the Kentucky State Police. A few hours later the sheriff and three deputies pulled up at our place.

"We've found the road signs over at Wurtland," Sheriff McKenzie said. "A lot of business and state highway signs along Route 1 to the W-Hollow Road were pulled up or knocked down last night. Many were carried off. Newspaper boxes all the way to your land were torn down. We're going after the offenders—and we'll get 'em."

Sure enough, they did. A few days later they found the offenders—four teen-age boys, all from good homes.

There was 18-year-old Carl, whose parents and I went to a one-room school together. Carl had bought an old car and raced up and down the highways before he had finished high school. After he was graduated, his father got him a job on the railroad. He had worked only a few days and was laid off.

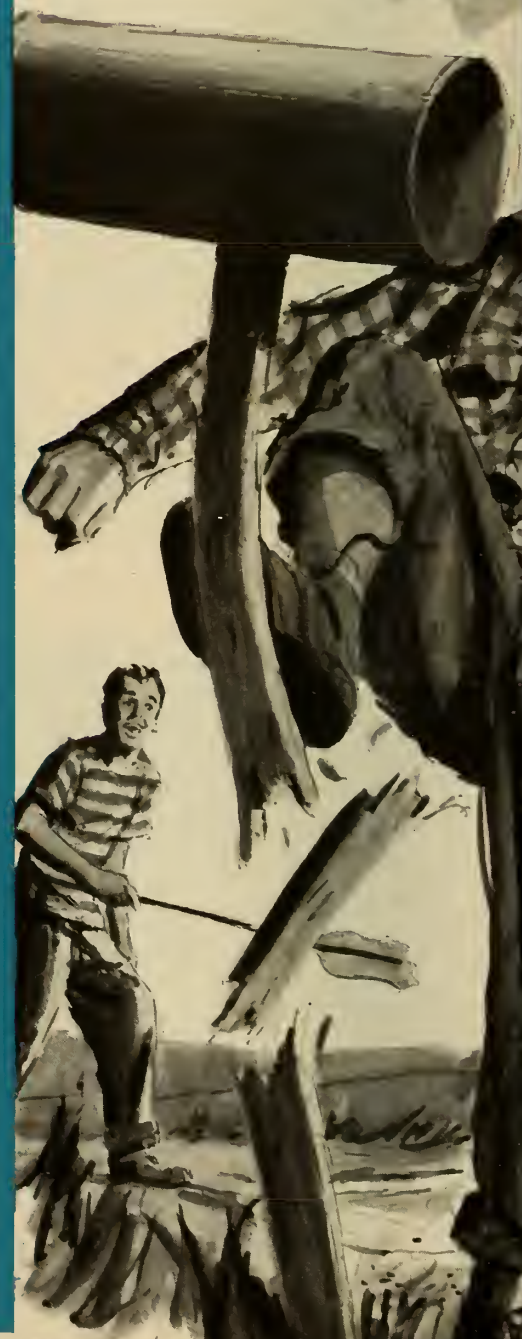
John, 16, was still in school. His parents had grown up together in another county and had attended the same church.

Fred, whose ancestors had helped settle this county, had parents whose honesty and integrity had never been questioned.

Tom's people lived quietly with never much said for or against them. He and Fred had jobs with a nearby steel mill where they drove to and from work. But they were laid off now.

These boys had harmed several people, but the damage to our place was worst. What would you do in our place?

We put Mr. Stuart's question to five TOGETHER *readers. See what they say before turning to his solution of the Mystery of the Missing Posts on page 28.*—EDS.



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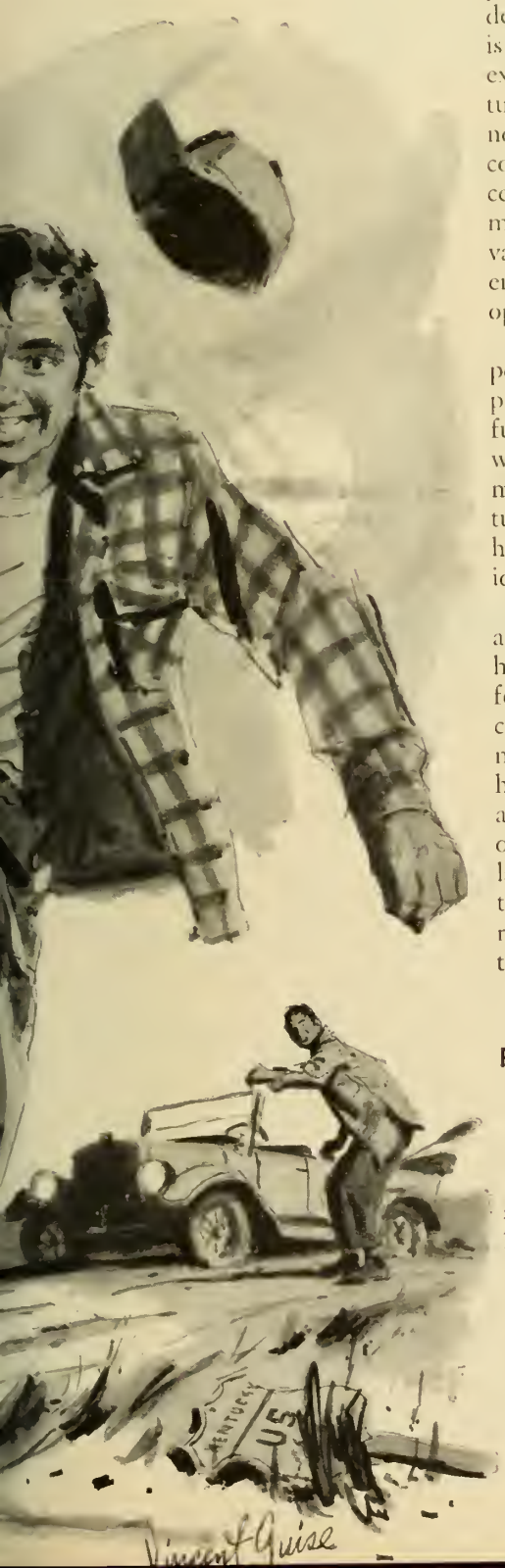

'I WOULD PRESS CHARGES'

H. O. Ashton, *Judge, Juvenile Court, Boulder, Colo.*

I WOULD press charges by filing a petition in delinquency with the juvenile court. The term "juvenile" is defined in most states as a person up to 18, and the primary function of juvenile courts is guidance and counseling rather than punishment.

There is a difference between a prank and a crime. The amount of destruction caused by these teen-agers is extensive and indicates that a need exists for reappraisal of their attitudes toward the rights of others. If no charges were filed it might encourage a belief that they had succeeded in an unlawful act, which might not discourage future acts of vandalism. The juvenile court can emphasize the necessity for their cooperation as good citizens.

I would want the boys to visit each person wronged and arrange for replacement of property either from funds earned by the boy or through work equal to the cost of replacement. This provides a basis for future friendship between the boy and his neighbors and emphasizes the idea of personal accountability.

Juvenile-delinquency proceedings are civil, not criminal. While still holding the individual responsible for his acts, the philosophy of the court is that a younger person lacks maturity and experience and may have misjudged the outcome of his actions. The court and its probation officer can evaluate all the factors relating to the child and thus improve the quality of his citizenship with a resulting benefit to society and to the child who needed guidance.

PUT THEM ON PROBATION

Lynn Barden, *15-year-old MYFer, Syracuse, N.Y.*

FIRST, have a private hearing in juvenile court and put the boys on probation in the custody of their parents for a specified period.

In this time, the boys should personally repair all damage, make all apologies and necessary retribution. This action should be publicized in the local paper and thus embarrass the boys in the eyes of their friends, further proving to them how ridiculous they had been. During this period the boys and their parents should be counseled by their ministers to determine the cause of their crime.

Steady jobs should be found for the boys not in school. The boy still in school should be encouraged to take part in more school activities. Finally, any of the boys who do not belong to a church should be urged to join and become active in the youth group. That will give them a better idea of what's right and wrong, for they will associate with people their own age who have strong religious and moral beliefs and are doing their part as responsible citizens of their community.

In this way, the wrong that was done would be corrected and four people changed from possible criminals to alert, mature citizens who will make the town a better place in which to live.

'BOYS MUST BE PUNISHED'

Mrs. Mary Day, *mother of five, Redlands, Calif.*

IT SEEMS to me that the parents of these boys have been double-crossed by their own children. Much is written today about the causes of delinquency—broken homes, working mothers, unloved children, lack of religious training. No less tragic are the parents who have provided Christian homes, tried to be wise and just in their decisions, and still must wake some morning to find that their boy was capable of disregarding all their precepts and doing some senseless, lawless thing.

Mr. Stuart's position is a bit ticklish, but the boys must be punished. He could leave punishment up to the parents, but we can sometimes be sensible about everything except being told we have a bad child.

So, to insure punishment, I would press charges and hope the local authorities would impress upon the boys thoroughly the fact that death or serious injury could have resulted from their thoughtlessness. Certainly part of their punishment should be actual replacement of all the articles they damaged or removed.

I believe one point we parents

must fix in our children's minds is that each of us, child or adult, must accept full responsibility for all of our actions.

But the rest of the answer lies in each boy, in the degree to which he can toughen up his own conscience so that it won't let him give way again when temptation comes along.

HAVE BOYS MAKE REPAIRS

Lee V. Hallowell, *Junior High School Principal, Bangor, Me.*

MOST OF US are quick to sound off and demand quick, severe justice in court. It is, of course, necessary to notify the police so the offenders may be apprehended.

I would not press charges since it is the boys' first offense. I would prefer to discuss the matter with the boys, their fathers, and the sheriff. Proper restitution should be made by the boys, not by paying money. The boys should contact the owners, apologize, and repair the damage. Thus they would learn that all property represents work on the part of someone to get and maintain it.

The fact that I knew the parents involved would make no difference in the way I would handle the case. The boys should be treated in a way that would benefit them most.

Attacking the problem and seeking a solution to it through the helpful co-operation of all concerned is, I believe, the only way we can expect to eliminate our differences and misunderstandings.

WHOLE COMMUNITY GUILTY

A. S. Turnipseed, *Methodist minister, Mobile, Ala.*

I WOULD TAKE into account that three out of four of these boys were unemployed, thus frustrated and possessed with an inordinate amount of pent-up energy. The fourth boy appears to have been swept along by the others. It must be borne in mind that each of the four boys has a family background that indicates honesty and responsibility.

Since Mr. Stuart appears to have personal acquaintance with the offenders, I suggest that he have unhurried periods of discussion with each boy. He should refrain from moralizing. His attitude should reflect understanding and love without condoning or excusing this flagrant delinquency.

I think he should not bring legal charges against them—provided they agree to repay him for his damages. Since they are unemployed, he could work out with them a time schedule of labor around his house to compensate for his losses. Also, he could bestir himself to help these boys get steady, paying jobs.

A Methodist layman, Mr. Stuart now should take a new look at his church. Could it be partly responsible? Has it failed to fortify youth against such destructive activities? He could have a confidential conference with his pastor, together with the adult counselors and teachers of the MYF in his church. With the pastor, he could lead in a program of youth recreation.

The incident should be taken as an indictment against the whole community—homes, schools, and churches. Everyone should pitch in to improve recreational facilities for the young people in the town.

Here's What We Stuarts Did About It

THE FOUR BOYS were arrested and taken with their parents before the judge. But the trial was postponed for an amazing reason.

The parents, strangers before, got acquainted in the judge's office and took over. They personally went with the boys to see that they restored each sign and box, and, where necessary, paid for new ones. And it was a strange sight to see these four youngsters with their parents bossing them along eight miles of highway! At each stop the person living near was called in to inspect the work. The fathers and mothers talked to the people and apologized for what their sons had done. The boys also apologized. Only then did the crew move on.

They came to our place last. One father said that because my damage was the greatest, what I said could send the boys to the reformatory.

We sat down on the creek bank and talked.

"I'm so ashamed of what I've done it's hard for me to face you people," Carl said.

"I'm ashamed, too," said John. "I've been so worried that I can't play ball. I feel terrible about it all."

"If I ever get out of this I'll never get into another thing, I'll bet you," Fred told me.

"I've never missed going to church since I did it," Tom said. "I started going before the sheriff learned who it was. I'll never forget this."

I told the boys I would not press charges against them. But if they got into trouble again I would be the first to see that the law took its course.

Nothing like this had ever happened before in our county. The parents of these four did not abdicate their responsibilities. It was embarrassing, but they went through with it. And public sympathy swung around as the young men made amends.

Now three years have passed. The boys have never been in trouble again.

I think my decision was right. Four young men might have had the stigma of "delinquent" pinned on them for the rest of their lives. Instead, we have four good citizens in a better town.

—JESSE STUART

Author "Dick" **Richmond Barbour** *talks straight about teen problems.*

Teens Together

with an ex-teen-ager

Q *What's wrong with being a disc jockey? I told my aunt I plan to be one and she laughed at me. She said teen-age radio programs were crimes against humanity. She believes no human should sink so low as to earn his living spinning platters. Where does she get that?—E.E.*

A She dislikes disc jockeys' music and chatter, but her sarcasm was unjustified. There are many fine disc jockeys. You might make a good one.

Q *I love my mother and I'm sure she loves me. I know I shouldn't shout at her, but I do, almost every day. She shouts at me, too. We've decided to try to stop our fighting. Can you help us?—B.H.*

A To remedy your problem will require patience, intelligence, and love. Sit down with your mother and make a list of the problems which cause most of your troubles. Talk about them separately. Try to agree on reasonable solutions. Try out your solutions for a week or two. Then combine them into a set of rules, write them out, and do your best to live up to all of them.

Q *I've been living with my grandparents for five months. They're sincere Christians. I love them, but they're awfully old. My parents were killed in a turnpike crash. I'm almost 18 and in a few months I'll be on my own. I guess I should put up with anything temporarily. Our trouble comes because my grandparents think I'm sinfully vain. They are hurt when I use make-up. I have some money of my own, so I go to a beauty parlor regularly. They can't understand. They don't even approve of earrings. I try to look my best when I have a date. My grandmother says that is wrong, too. But my mother used to tell me she wanted me to be the prettiest girl in town. What can I do?—L.I.*

A Can you compromise? Be patient with your grandparents and ask them to be patient with you. You love each other. There's been a great change in people's outlook toward beauty aids. Your grandparents represent the former point of view. You represent the newer. If your earrings offend, don't wear them. Be as attractive as you can within the limits your grandparents can accept.

Q *Will you tell other teen-agers not to marry young? I got married the day after my 17th birthday. The girl I married was 16. We thought we were in love and our parents approved. I had to stop school and get a job. We live with my folks because I don't earn enough for us to have our own home. My wife fights with my parents all the time. She accuses me of tricking her into marriage. When she gets mad she hits me with her fists. We're sick of each other. She even goes out with other boys. Could we get our wedding annulled?—A. G.*

A Many teen-age marriages turn out badly. I'm glad to warn others against them. Annulments can be granted where both husband and wife are young and no baby is involved. Talk with your father about it. Then see a lawyer.

Q *I'm 13. My mother is trying to keep me childish so she'll not appear old. She says I can't go to a swimming-pool party unless it is chaperoned. What is your opinion?—C. D.*

A A good many rebellious girls accuse their mothers of keeping them childish for selfish reasons. Almost always, the girls are wrong. Their mothers love them and try to keep them out of trouble. My feeling is that every party you attend should be chaperoned, including swimming-pool parties.

Q *I'm 16. Last summer I went with a boy, 17. I fell in love and I guess I'll never recover. After two weeks he got interested in another girl. Since then he has gone out with several others. He had a friend tell me he is*

"Sour godliness is the devil's religion"
—JOHN WESLEY

Buying some last-minute groceries, a minister found he was 10 cents short. "Can you charge the dime?" he asked.

"Forget it," said the grocer. "I'll come to your church some time and take it out by hearing you preach."

"I don't have any 10-cent sermons."

"That's all right. I'll come twice."

—Rev. W. J. Briggs, *Kokomo, Ind.*

•

A little girl, getting ready for Sunday school called down to her mother: "Mom, which dress am I going to wear?" Her mother called back: "I don't know yet; what difference does it make?"

"Well," came the voice, "I want to know how high up to wash my arms."

—Mrs. Mildred Smith, *W. Springfield, Mass.*

•

Some time back a Minneapolis housewife took her son, four, to church for the first time while Papa stayed home to baby-sit. Yesterday Papa took the boy to the same church while Mama stayed home. During an early silence in the service the congregation was surprised to hear the boy remark in a clear voice, "Daddy, your church looks just like Mama's!"

—Almanac, *Minneapolis Tribune*

•

The minister was awakened by the noise of a burglar downstairs. He called down, "What are you looking for, friend?"—and the answer floated back up, "Some money."

"Wait a minute," the preacher yelled back. "I'll come down and help you."

—Mrs. William White, *Manchester, Ohio.*

•

My great-grandfather was a Methodist circuit rider. He covered his route on a well-kept gray mare whose sleek, fat figure presented an odd contrast to his own tall, sparse one.

One day a parishioner asked, "Brother Brown, why is it that you're so lank and lean and your horse is so fat?"

My great-grandfather's eyes twinkled as he replied: "Well, Brother Campbell, I feed my horse—but my congregation feeds me."

—Katherine Brown Peavy, *Salinas, Calif.*

•

Little Jerry had bought his grandmother a Bible for her birthday and was casting about for an appropriate inscription. Then he remembered Daddy had a book with an inscription of which he was very proud—and Jerry decided to copy it in grandma's volume.

Imagine her surprise, therefore, when she opened her gift Bible and found written on the flyleaf: "To Grandma, with the compliments of the Author."

—Mrs. R. Miller, *San Francisco, Calif.*

•

The circus strong man squeezed a lemon until it was bone-dry, then hurled a challenge to anyone in the audience to wring another drop from it. Amid guffaws, a thin, scrawny chap clambered up. Silently he twisted the lemon—and out fell a trickle of drops.

"How," demanded the stunned strong man, "did you ever do that?"

"Nothing to it," replied the stranger. "I'm a church treasurer."

—Yvonne Fritsche, *Shawano, Wis.*

•

The minister, walking down the street, was dumfounded when a tall young man walked up and threatened to punch him in the nose. "You sure told me a whopper," the young man shouted. "When you married me last year you told me it was the end of my troubles."

"You're right, son," the parson assured him. "But I didn't tell you which end."

—Kathy Pitman, *Bidwell, Ohio.*

•

Ruthie, five, and her friend whispered so much that finally the leader of the Sunday-school opening service asked them to come sit in the front row. En route home, her embarrassed mother asked Ruthie, "Why were you whispering?"

"We had to," Ruthie replied. "They wouldn't let us talk."

—Beatrice L. Shepard, *Juneau, Alaska.*

•

"Is the service over?" the latecomer breathlessly demanded as he tiptoed in while last rites were being conducted for a friend.

"No," a lawyer seated at the end of the row told him. "The preacher has just opened for the defense."

—Ruth Joyce Harris, *Greensboro, N.C.*

sorry about how I still love him, but that he doesn't love me. I'm awfully blue and have been sick in bed over it. I'm not interested in boys at all. My parents are worried about me. What shall I do?—L. L.

A Can you go to parties where there is no pairing off? You'll find them at church or school. Go to football games where you can sit with your gang and forget yourself. As soon as possible, force yourself to have dates. Don't get serious again for several months. It will take time for you to recover, but you can do it.

Q *The boy I go steady with just entered the service. His last night home we went to a drive-in movie. Some other boys parked beside us and began saying nasty things. One boy came over to our car and called my friend "chicken." My boy got out and hit him so hard his friends had to carry him away. Then they returned and tried to gang up on my boy. I forced him to drive on. I didn't want any more trouble. He says I really made him look "chicken." Should I have let them fight?—M. M.*

A No. Congratulations for keeping your head.

Q *I'm 14. I don't have dates, but wish I could. My parents have given their permission but boys don't invite me. My older sister says I'm too young. She says that boys who date 14-year-old girls do it only because young girls let them get by with things older girls won't allow. She says if I stayed decent no boy would ask me out again. She can't be right, can she?—K.M.*

A She may be right about boys of 17 or 18 who date 14-year-old girls. Probably she's wrong about boys nearer your own age. Do other nice 14-year-old girls in your neighborhood have dates with boys of 14 or 15? Is such dating accepted in your community? If so, I'm sure she's wrong.

•

NEED HELP WITH A PROBLEM? *Dr. Richmond Barbour is an expert ready to help. He's head of the public school counseling service in San Diego, with a special understanding of teen troubles. Write him c/o* Together, *740 N. Rush St., Chicago 11, Ill.*

My Children Are Making Me Over!

By JUANITA ORTON KEITH

One day he answered, "I heard ya the first time, Mom!" Since then I've quit rambling and come right to the point.

"I HEARD YA the first time, Mom!" Thus our nine-year-old son ended my morning sermon on his behavior. I'm not in the habit of taking orders from our children, but I suddenly could see he had a good point.

Recently I sat in an adult audience. The speaker rambled on for 20 minutes, trying to make effective what he could have said in five. Everyone was politely bored. My son's reaction to my ramblings was the same as mine had been to that speaker's.

And what is it I'm always saying to my children? "Do unto others as you'd have done unto you!"

If I can condense 20 rambling sentences into two effective ones, my youngsters are more likely to get the message. Repetition is effective for the small child, but it's insulting to an older one.

As I set up my ironing board I remembered what our daughter said a few weeks back. She took my hands and smiled a little as one who

wanted above all else to be kind.

"Nothing against you, Mom, but when you drive us girls someplace, you don't have to do the talking; just drive, that's all!"

Her discipline had set me in my proper role. And I concede that it was a good point. Why should I monopolize the conversation with her friends? Would I want her to do the same with mine? My effort to be friendly had been overdone.

THEN THERE was the night our son engaged us in Little League baseball talk. He and his three school pals had just been accepted into the league, each on a different team. The first day they bemoaned the fact that they couldn't play together. But by the next day the traditional American spirit of rivalry had begun. Our son's team was the Seals—so the other boys flapped their elbows and made seal sound effects. In round-robin style, three heckled the fourth until all had had it.

I informed them that this was hardly the Christian spirit; that they must all continue to be pals, and so on and on.

Finally Sonny said, condescendingly, *"Mom, we're just kids;* we don't think like grownups!"

I was speechless. Something flipped in the vicinity of my heart. From the mouths of babes, such wisdom! His dad carried on with, "I guess rivalry is pretty healthy, Mom!"

Since that night I've tried to apply our son's simple truth to many of our juvenile situations. I'm inclined to impose my adult philosophy too often. The result is that it goes over the children's heads and I wind up with a reputation as a preachy mother.

As my iron smoothed out the collar of another blouse I remembered my childhood. We were nearly grown-up before we ventured an opinion. But I'd like to suggest that perhaps parents of today and tomorrow will be better adjusted to their children's problems if they *receive* a little discipline from *them*. We're never too old to learn. I'm frank to say, my children are making me over!

It must be a respectful discipline we learn from our children, of course. But if our discipline of them is respectful, I believe theirs, in return, will be also. Children will respond.

We need to know what youngsters really think of us if we are conscientious parents. And if we grant them the privilege of speaking up now and again, we're more likely to receive that help.

Yes, children making over their parents! Like the night our daughter popped into my bedroom when I was dressing to go out with the family. After one look she said, "Golly, Mom; not *that* old dress again!"

Suddenly I could see that navy-blue hat which my mother had cleaned and remade and touched up year after year. And I knew just what my daughter meant. Youngsters need to be proud of their parents' appearance.

It's easier to chuckle when the story's about someone else. And chuckle I did, as I thought of the children working over their dad. He's a great hand to tease. When the youngsters were small, he shared with them some peculiar shenanigans. But now they are older, and find his foolishness embarrassing—especially in public. Recently he went skipping down the sidewalk singing the words of a familiar tooth paste commercial. Our son, who was walking with him, dropped back to join his sister and me.

"Honestly," he said, "Dad embarrasses me!"

But just about the time I'm thinking our children have all the right answers, something happens to bring me up with a jolt. Take, for example, that day last summer. Our 10-year-old daughter came home from school, bursting through the front door.

"Mom, you simply can't run our lives for us," she announced. "Mary's mother isn't making her go to vacation church school this summer, and I'm not going either!"

Flanking her was her brother, 14 months younger.

"Me neither, Mom!"

Four eyes blazed defiantly. Disciplining me, indeed!

I HAD VISIONS of the old wooden spoon which I so carelessly misplaced years ago. But a paddling would hardly solve the problem. When we give freedom we must also patrol it.

The three of us sat down, at my direction, for a mother-sided conversation. The answer could not be condensed into two effective sentences this time. I had much to say and I expect my tone of voice kept out immediate interruptions.

But eventually our daughter screamed through angry tears, "When am I going to have a chance to run my life my way?"

Then I knew that she was not fighting vacation church school, but the fact I had said she *must* go. Her friend Mary was proud that her mother had let her decide.

My first thought was that I had bungled the solution of this important issue. For I had told them both several weeks ago that there was no choice; they were both going to vacation church school. Had I been noncommittal, her Sunday school teacher might have influenced her to go.

But on the other hand, if she had never of her own accord decided to go, I would have been wrong to have evaded so important an issue even temporarily.

So in spite of the fact that at times we shall overrule their discipline of us, we still believe that our children's suggestions have merit. Likewise we shall pray for wisdom, for we hold the balance of two very precious lives within our hands.

Meantime, I'm glad my children have made me aware that discipline is a two-way street. They're making me over in ways important to them: in turn, they're giving, too. And we're all better friends for it.

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QUESTIONS ABOUT YOUR FAITH

By CARL MICHALSON

Drew Theological Seminary

Dr. Carl Michalson

TO OUR READERS

The young family man above is a theologian and widely respected scholar on the staff of Drew Theological Seminary, Madison, N.J. With this issue he takes over from Dr. H. F. Rall, below, who at 87 requested to be relieved of the responsibility of this column. A long-time contributor to *The Christian Advocate* and to TOGETHER since its start, Dr. Rall will continue as contributing editor.—EDS.

Dr. Harris Franklin Rall

Q Is Christianity the only true religion?

Christianity expresses man's response to God's search for him. If one were to judge Christianity by the faithfulness of man's response, one could scarcely even call it true. The truth of Christianity, however, stands or falls not by man's faithfulness, but by God's faithfulness to man as expressed in Jesus Christ. Judged by that standard, Christianity is true.

Is it the *only* true expression of God's concern for man? Modesty, self-criticism, humility, and the spirit of toleration keep us from saying what we know at last we must say. God has chosen the Church as his worldly vehicle for communicating knowledge of his love in Jesus Christ. "There is no other name under heaven given among men by which we must be saved" (Acts 4:12). This is not a badge of privilege behind which the Church boasts; it is the basis of responsibility which damns the Church if it neglects its mission.

What about other religions? Do they not have *some* truth in them? The New Testament says clearly that the weakness of non-Christian faiths is not that they live in ignorance, but that they live in counterfeit (Acts 7:51; Romans 1:20-25).

Q Are the dead raised bodily?

"Body" in the Bible is roughly the same as "personality" in our speech. It is not limited to sheer flesh and bones. Will the body live? That is, will the *personality* survive? Or, again, will the person of this life be the same person in the next life?

The Christian answer is a definite, convincing yes. Because Christ rose victorious over death, those who die in Christ are certain to rise bodily—that is, personally.

The new body, however, will be spiritual, a total personality without the physical handicaps of this world (1 Cor. 15).

Q Is faith healing Christian?

There is no doubt that Jesus healed people. The New Testament tells us he passed this power on to the Church, and that every healing event is a sign of the power of God (John 9:1-7; Matthew 10:6-8).

But some people allow faith healing to become the whole program, a monomania. That is, they hammer away at one idea to the point of stamping out other major concerns of the kingdom of God.

Paul's admonition to faith healers is timely: There are "higher gifts" and "a still more excellent way" (1 Cor. 12:31).

Q What does the symbol 'IHS' mean?

It does *not* mean "in His steps"! If you think it does, you are a victim of the Church's original purpose in using symbols—to deceive some while informing others. This particular symbol originated in a time when persecution made it unwise for Christians to worship publicly. When they wrote the letters IHS, Christians were mysteriously drawn together, but pagans were thrown off the scent. Actually, the letters are Greek—the first three letters in the Greek word for Jesus.

Sune Richards: she combines her photography with a deep faith and spiritual insight.

Here—In real life

The Twelve Disciples

By **ENSWORTH REISNER,** *Pastor, First Methodist Church, Milwaukee*

What did Jesus' disciples really look like? *Are such men living today?* A Milwaukee teacher, mother, and professional photographer believed they are—and devoted 10 years to an almost unbelievable quest for them. Now, for the first time in any magazine, TOGETHER presents her memorable photographs—12 men to whom Jesus might say today, "Follow me."

The story of how Sune Richards came to do this is remarkable, too. Back in 1945, she was widowed and stranded in Florida with her two children. In despair, she turned—as she had done from childhood—to her Bible. Her eyes fell on John 15:8, "Herein is my Father glorified, that ye bear much fruit; so shall ye be my disciples." Though the passage seemed to have no bearing on her troubles, it strangely impressed the young widow.

Then about two years later she was riding a Milwaukee bus. Seated across from her was a striking man with white, flowing hair. "How much like a disciple," she mused. Then: "Why it's Simon!" Suddenly, she knew not why, Sune Richards was impelled to take the man's picture. Holding tight to her camera, she followed the white-maned stranger as he left the bus and finally summoned courage to ask him to pose. To her surprise, the man knew all about Simon. "But come take my picture next spring," he suggested, "when the goats have their little ones." Her Simon turned out to be a retired mailman, now a goat raiser, who explained that goats were the domestic animals in the disciples' day.

It took the Milwaukee woman 10 years to find the other disciples . . . among them an artist, a television technician, a minister, a sewing-machine salesman, and even a young Arab engineering student whose home was in Nazareth. Nobody offered to be Judas until, at last, Mrs. Richards found a man who understood his true character and consented to pose. Judas, Mrs. Richards explains, is like all of us "when we are not true to the best that is in us."

The persevering mother had other problems, too. Only two of her disciples had "biblical" beards. Some were persuaded to grow them, while for others she carefully made beards, using skills learned as a drama teacher. To tint her photographs, she drew on her modest experience in oils.

With each subject she took care to pray before a sitting—that is, with all except John. His first photo was a failure! On the next sitting, though, Mrs. Richards prayed—with success!

While I've never forgotten my first thrill at seeing these portraits, I was equally impressed by Mrs. Richards' scholarship. I learned that year after year she had searched, studied, and steeped herself in the lives of the disciples—indeed, until she became one herself! (The Milwaukee mother now is studying for the ministry.) Simply, she explains her purpose: "I wanted to do the disciples as they were when Jesus found them, when they were ordinary men and women like us. Jesus recognized what they had not realized themselves—their inner power. I thought perhaps my portraits could help men and women of today realize they could become disciples of Christ, too."

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SIMON PETER, the man Jesus called "The Rock." He had been a well-to-do shipowner and fisherman before he became a disciple. Impulsive, sometimes indecisive, he found it difficult to renounce the world. The big fisherman could be hotheaded. Defending his Lord, he cut off the ear of a servant of the high priest. Peter pledged to follow his Christ "into prison and to death," but later denied he knew him. He carried Christianity to Rome, and was crucified, head down, by Nero about 64 A.D., tradition says. Peter personifies faith.

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JAMES, brother of John, son of Zebedee the fisherman. In this view, the light of wisdom descends on James, an able, intelligent man who was the first to go to death for Christ. After 14 years of influence in the early Jerusalem church he was decapitated by Herod Agrippa. It is believed that James' mother was Salome, also devoted to Jesus. She was one of the women of Galilee who anointed the broken body of Jesus with sweet spices after witnessing the Crucifixion from afar. Wisdom and good judgment were among James' attributes.

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JOHN, one of the "sons of thunder." Jesus loved him as he would have loved a brother. Certainly he appears to have been a favorite of Christ's—vigorous, understanding, and faithful. On Calvary, Jesus committed his mother to John's care, saying: "Woman, behold thy son!" Legend has it that he was exiled to Patmos, where he lived to be very old. Earlier he had resisted the persecution of Saul of Tarsus, who later became the apostle Paul. Some biblical scholars credit John with writing the Book of Revelation. He personifies, above all else, love.

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ANDREW, brother of Peter. Of all the disciples, he knew Jesus first. Andrew was present at the River Jordan when Jesus was baptized by John the Baptist. He seems to have been a man with supreme faith. It was he who brought the basket of loaves and fishes from a boy, saying to Jesus: "This is all we have, but you will know what to do with it." Tradition says he was crucified in 60 A.D.—on a cross built in the form of an X. This Cross of Saint Andrew forms the diagonal X in the British Union Jack. Andrew's great quality was strength.

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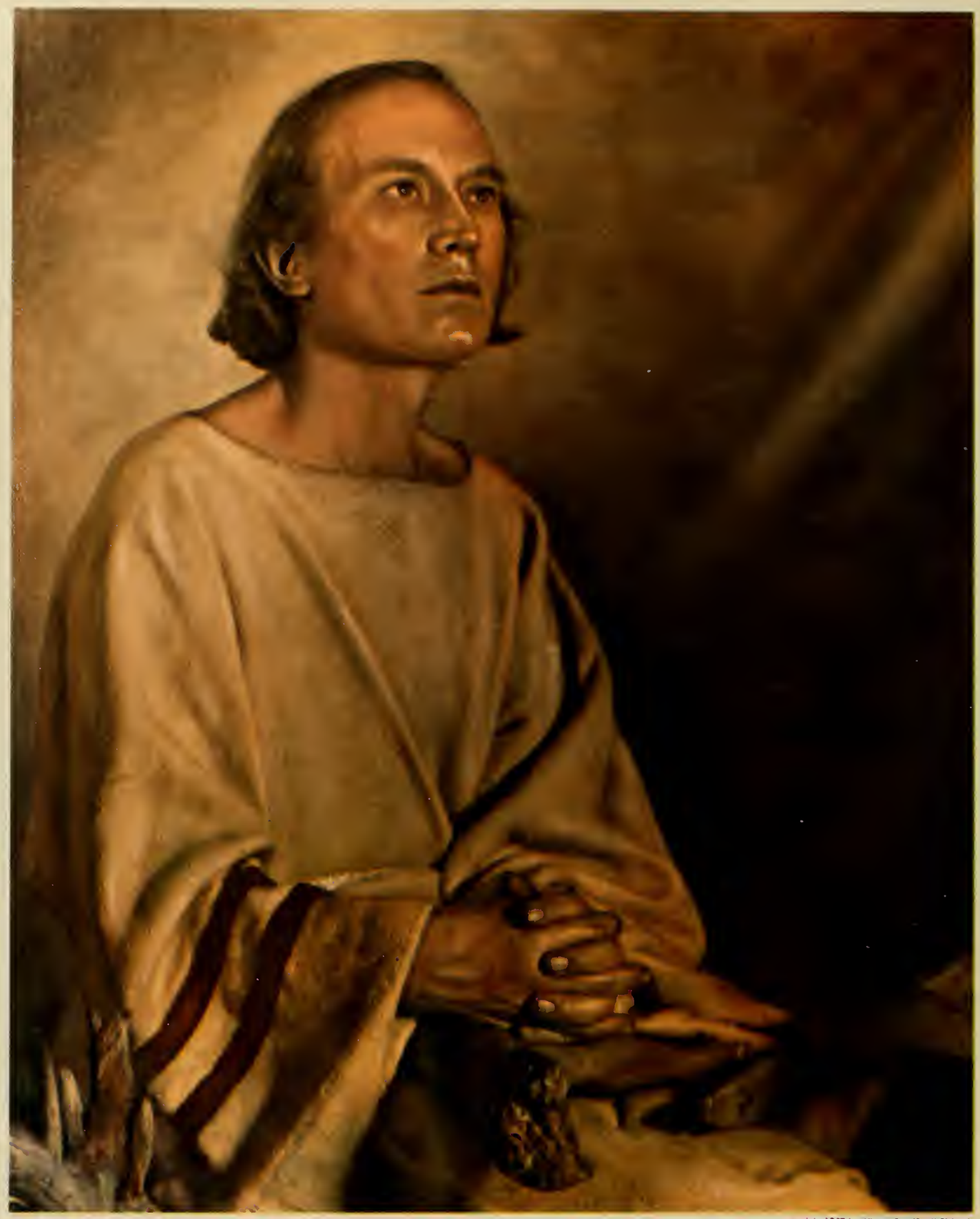
PHILIP, the salesman. A vital, happy man who would be called an extrovert today, he brought another disciple — Bartholomew — to Jesus. He had the Christ-given power to heal, as did the other apostles. When Philip preached to the multitudes, many of them had "unclean spirits," and the spirits, shouting loudly, came out of them; in this way many who were paralyzed or lame were cured. He had difficulty understanding Jesus' teachings but later, with typical vitality and power, he preached the gospel in faraway lands.



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BARTHOLOMEW, man of vision and imagination. He was sitting under a fig tree when Jesus first saw him. Approached by Philip, he scornfully asked: "Can there any good come out of Nazareth?" Then, after talking to Christ, he declared in a revered confession of faith: "...thou art the Son of God; thou art the King of Israel." And Jesus said: "Behold, here is an Israelite without guile." Bartholomew is said to have helped carry the Christian gospel to Asia before, according to tradition, he was martyred in Armenia.

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MATTHEW, tax collector, a man of education and means. He turned his back on career and wealth when Jesus saw him "sitting at the receipt of custom: and he said unto him, Follow me...And he left all, rose up, and followed him." Matthew, more fully than any of the gospel writers, recorded Jesus' words and parables. After the Ascension, Matthew left Judea as a missionary. Some believe he died a natural death; others think he went to Africa and was martyred in Ethiopia. As a disciple, he was a man of great will power.

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THOMAS, the doubter who came to believe. Believing was hard for Thomas who, hearing of the Resurrection, said: "Except I shall see in his hands the print of the nails, and put my finger into the print of the nails, and thrust my hand into his side, I will not believe." Afterward, this practical man, the original "Doubting Thomas," went to India where, according to tradition, he organized a church. It is said he was martyred when a Brahmin ran him through with a lance as he knelt in prayer. Thomas today represents understanding.

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JAMES THE LESS, so-named perhaps because he was younger than James, the brother of John. For nearly 2,000 years he has been the subject of controversy. Biblical scholars find little to go on when they seek to trace the life of this apostle. Was he a brother of Jesus? Or a cousin? Paul wrote that in Jerusalem he visited James, "the brother of our Lord," but many scholars do not accept this literally. Here James has been pictured to represent law and order, with an Old Testament scroll in his hands. He was first bishop of Jerusalem.

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JUDE, the obscure one. He was also named Judas, but is not to be confused with the betrayer of Christ. He may have been the son or brother of James. Jude speaks but once in the New Testament, asking Jesus how "thou wilt manifest thyself unto us and not unto the world?" This scene depicts one of Jude's characteristics—that of renunciation. Here he empties the vase of life, holding it up again so that it can be filled once more from the spring of everlasting life. According to tradition, he was martyred in Persia where he went to preach the gospel.

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SIMON THE ZEALOT, fierce underground agitator. He was about 40 when he joined Jesus, thinking Christ would lead an uprising to overthrow Roman rule. No other apostle better illustrates the power of Christ to change the lives of the men he chose. The lamb symbolizes the transformation of a man of violence into a peaceful apostle. Little is known of Simon. One legend has it that he became a missionary to Babylon and the Black Sea area; another that he became a missionary to Britain and was martyred there. Simon represents zeal.

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JUDAS ISCARIOT, the mysterious one. This study captures the covetousness and cunning of the man who betrayed Christ for a few pieces of silver. Captured, too, is the first touch of the remorse which later caused Judas to hurl the silver at the priests, saying: "I have sinned in that I have betrayed innocent blood." Then he went out and hanged himself. He had been one of the 12—entrusted, as steward, with their common fund—but his treachery left a vacancy filled by a disciple named Matthias, of whom little is known today.

A question--with a meaningful answer:

Have You an Educated Heart?

By GELETT BURGESS

The late humorist and author

LAST OCTOBER I sent Crystabel a book. She acknowledged it, and promptly. But two months afterward she actually wrote me another letter, telling me what she thought of that book; and she proved, moreover, that she had read it. Now, I ask you, isn't that a strange and beautiful experience in this careless world? Crystabel had the educated heart. To such as possess the educated heart thanks are something like mortgages, to be paid in installments. Why, after five years Crystabel often refers to a gift that has pleased her. It is the motive for a gift she cares for, not its value; and hence her tactful, iterated gratefulness.

Everything can be done beautifully by the educated heart, from the lacing of a shoe so that it won't come loose to passing the salt before it is asked for. If you say only "Good morning," it can be done pleasingly. Observe how the polished actor says it, with that cheerful rising inflection. But the ordinary American growls it out with surly downward emphasis. Merely to speak distinctly is a great kindness, I consider. You never have to ask, "What did you say?" to the educated heart. On the other hand, very few people ever really listen with kindly attention. They are usually merely waiting for a chance to pounce upon you with their own narrative. Or if they do listen, is your story heard with real sympathy?

Consider the usual birthday gift or Christmas present. By universal practice it is carefully wrapped in a pretty paper and tied with ribbon. That package is symbolical of what all friendly acts should be—kindness performed with style. Then what is style in giving? Ah, the educated heart makes it a business to know what his friend really wants. One friend I have to whom I can't express a taste that isn't treasured up against need. I said once that I loved water cress, and lightly wished that I might have it for every meal. Never a meal had I at his table since without finding water cress.

Do you think it's easy, this business of giving? Verily, giving is as much an art as portrait painting. And imagination can surely be brought to bear. Are you sailing for Brazil? It isn't the basket of fine fruits that brings the tears to your eyes, nor the flowers with trailing yards of red ribbon—all that's mere kindness; ordinary, everyday kindness. It's that little purse full of Brazilian currency ready for you when you first trip ashore at Rio.

There was old Wentrose—he understood the fourth dimension of kindness, all right. Never a friend of his wife's did he puffingly put aboard a streetcar, but he'd tuck apologetically into her hand the nickel to save her rummaging in her bag. Real elegance, I call that.

Is it sufficient simply to offer your seat in a streetcar to a woman? The merely kind person does that—sheepishly. Isn't your graciousness more cultured if you give it up with a bow, with a smile of willingness?

The behavior of the educated heart becomes automatic: You set it in the direction of true kindness and courtesy and after a while it will function without deliberate thought. Such thoughtfulness, such consideration is *not* merely decorative. It is the very essence and evidence of sin-

READER'S CHOICE

Suggested by the Rev. Carl Opp, Lowry City, Mo., this story is used by permission of Viking Press. It first appeared in *The Bromide and Other Theories* (Copyright 1933, Gelett Burgess) and later was condensed by *Reader's Digest*.

You are invited to suggest your Reader's Choice—an article or short story you may have read long ago, but which has left such an impression in your mind and heart that you'd like to share it with others.

If your nomination is used, and you were the first to propose it, we'll send you a $25 check.—EDS.

Looks at movies

By Harry C. Spencer
General Secretary, Methodist Television, Radio, and Film Commission

• *Films are rated for audience suitability. Also, the symbols (+) and (—) provide "yes" or "no" answers to the question: Do the ethical standards in the film in general provide constructive entertainment?*

Gun Glory: Adults (+) Youth (+)

When Stewart Granger returns home after an absence of three years, during which his wife has died, he brings with him a reputation as the fastest gunslinger in the West—a reputation his estranged 17-year-old son despises. Rhonda Fleming, whom Stewart had befriended years before, helps the boy see his father's true character.

Love in the Afternoon: Adults (—)

Excellent acting by Gary Cooper, Audrey Hepburn, and Maurice Chevalier, under Billy Wilder's direction, only partially redeems this story of philandering love-making. Cooper, an internationally-known playboy, is intrigued by the mysterious Audrey, who in turn is fascinated by his reputation. When she actually falls in love with him her father, Chevalier, cynically treats the whole affair as a pleasant joke.

Silk Stockings: Adults (—)

The well-known story of Ninotchka is retold, this time with songs by Cole Porter. Fred Astaire, as a film producer, needs the music of a famous Communist composer who has overstayed his vacation in Paris. When Moscow sends Cyd Charisse, an unromantic party member, to bring the composer home, Astaire's next move is obvious—have the pretty Communist abandon her stuffy principles in favor of silk underthings and Parisian night life. Considerable quantities of vodka are consumed before his plan succeeds.

The Pride and the Passion: Adults (+) Youth (+)

Filmed in Spain with a cast of thousands, this is one of Hollywood's biggest spectaculars, and stars Frank Sinatra. In 1810 a band of guerrillas led by Sinatra finds a giant cannon abandoned by retreating Spanish forces. It becomes a symbol of resistance to Napoleon. But the British also want the gun and order Cary Grant, a naval officer, to capture it. He agrees to help Sinatra use the cannon against a French stronghold if, in return, Sinatra later will let Grant take the cannon to England. The arrangement almost breaks up because both men love Sophia Loren.

Night Passage: Adults (+) Youth (+)

In one of the best action pictures of the season, James Stewart and Audie Murphy are brothers. James is a special railroad agent while Audie, with his quick gun and boyish smile, leads a band of train robbers. Dan Duryea gives an outstanding performance as Audie's rival for control of the gang. The plot is full of surprises, vicious fist fights, and deadly gun play. Scenery is superb.

Saint Joan: Adults (+) Youth (+)

G. B. Shaw's play about Joan of Arc again asks the age-old question: Who has final authority over a man's soul—the church, or the individual? (This is the basis of division between Catholics and Protestants.) The anti-Catholicism of the play is somewhat subdued but is still clearly apparent in the film. Jean Seberg is Joan, Richard Widmark is excellent as the Dauphin, and John Gielgud is the Earl of Warwick.

Beau James: Adults (+)

Bob Hope proves that he is a dramatic actor of considerable ability as he portrays Jimmy Walker, late mayor of New York. Jimmy's wife didn't really understand him—she was too ambitious for him—so he turned for company to a chorus girl. Since the Walkers were Catholic, divorce was out of the question. According to the film, Jimmy's private life became a public scandal excelled only by the scandal of misgovernment he gave America's largest city.

Triple Deception: Adult (+) Youth (+)

In a plot too complicated for capsule summarization, international police persuade an innocent American sailor to impersonate a deceased member of a counterfeiting gang. *Triple Deception* is a gross understatement of the trickery involved in this better-than-average mystery.

cerity. Without it all so-called kindness is merely perfunctory.

Suppose I submit your name for membership in a club. Have I done you (or my club) any real service unless I also do my best to see that you are elected? And so if I urge all my club friends to endorse you, that is merely the completion of my regard for you. It is like salt—"It's what makes potatoes taste bad, if you don't put it on."

Must you dance with all the wallflowers, then? I don't go so far as that, although it would prove that you had imagination enough to put yourself in another's place. All I ask is that when you try to do a favor you do it to the full length of the rope. Don't send your telegram in just 10 carefully selected words; add those few extra phrases that make the reader perceive that you cared more for him than you did for the expense. It will give both him and you real satisfaction.

No one with the educated heart ever approached a onetime acquaintance with the shocking greeting: "You don't remember me, do you?" No, he gives his name first. No one with the educated heart ever said, "Now do come and see me, sometime!" Instead, it's: "How about coming next Wednesday?" And strongly I doubt if the educated heart is ever tardy at an appointment. It knows that if only two minutes late a person brings that much less of himself.

You call once or twice at the hospital. Do you ever call again? Not unless you have the educated heart. Yet the patient is still perhaps quite ill. One there was who used to bring a scrapbook every morning, pasted in with funny items from the day's news.

Truly nothing is so rare as the educated heart. And if you wonder why, just show a group picture. What does everyone first look at, talk about? Himself. And that's the reason why most hearts are so unlearned in kindness. Most of us are simply too wrapped up in ourselves.

If you want to enlarge that mystic organ whence flows true human kindness, you must cultivate your imagination. You must learn to put yourself in another's place, think his thoughts, share his feelings. The educated heart, remember, does kindness *with style*.

The author leads her eager young musicians and finds it a richly rewarding experience.

A Catholic Leads a Methodist Choir

By MURL M. BRUNNER

I'M A CATHOLIC. And I have complete charge of the music for the First Methodist Church in a small Southwestern town!

It dates back to one night when I, a newcomer, sat next to a friendly, middle-aged woman at a concert.

"Aren't you Mrs. Brunner, the violinist?" she asked. Then: "You wouldn't be interested in taking over the Methodist choir, would you? We've been without a director almost six months."

Our income had been cut in half by the drought, forcing us to move into town. I had decided to give music lessons. I knew, though, it would be difficult to organize a class in a community where neither I nor my ability as a musician was known.

But now—was this the answer to my prayer? There was only one big drawback. I was a Catholic.

"I'd like to very much," I began apologetically, "but I'm a Catholic. I'm sure there would be many objections from your congregation."

"I don't think so," the woman contended. She insisted I meet the next afternoon with her pastor and the Methodist music committee.

"I'm a Catholic," I blurted out the next day as I shook hands with the pastor. "Won't some of your members object?"

"Well," he said confidently, "let's give it a try."

A try! Now a year and a half has passed and I'm still directing the choir. Although I was certain that some choir members would refuse to sing under the direction of a Catholic, the active membership has increased from seven to 21. I plan to continue directing the choir as long as I am needed. For what I had feared would prove an exceptionally distasteful undertaking has become one of the most rewarding experiences of my life!

I had expected difficulties and repercussions—instead, I met with courtesy, praise, and even gratitude for the choir's improvement.

One of the questions asked most often by members of my own faith is, "What do you do when the minister gives one of those anti-Catholic sermons?" My honest answer is simply: "He hasn't given an anti-Catholic sermon since I've been there." This Protestant minister is not prejudiced. I'm convinced, too, that most of his flock are not as biased as we Catholics expect them to be.

I feel more secure all the time in my position as a Protestant music director. I have full rein in choosing the anthems for the morning service and in making additions to a permanent music library. Naturally, I take precautions against possible criticism.

For me, the ultimate came when I organized a junior choir with 22 members. Imagine these people turning over part of the religious training of their children to me!

Through these Methodists' tolerance, I have gained what I thought I already possessed—an unprejudiced attitude toward people of other faiths. An expected ordeal has turned out to be a blessing.

65 million Americans are hitting the bottle.
The toll, in dollars and cents, is in the sky-high billions.
And who's stuck with most of it? Truth is . . .

The Drinks Are on You!

By FRED R. ZEPP

DON'T KID yourself that if you don't drink you're not picking up a good part of the tab for those who do. The liquor industry has its hand in your pocket, right up to the wrist. In a dozen unseen ways, part of your pay check—cash you could spend to help feed, clothe, and educate your family—is going to pay for the smashed lives alcohol leaves in its bubbly wake.

For years, expert statisticians have tried to pinpoint the precise cost of drinking in America. One by one, they've admitted defeat. It's impossible, but one thing is sure: it runs up into the billions. The manufacturers and the drinkers are paying a small part of the bill—*You,* John Q. Citizen, pay the lion's share.

Let's start with a look at Joey X. At 54, Joey has been a drunk for 32 years. In that period, he's been jailed 285 times for drunkenness and related offenses. In Joey's city—typical of dozens of others—budget officials figure it costs $60 in police and court costs to arrest and sentence a drunk. Those 285 offenses add up to $17,100 of the taxpayers' money. His board in jail averages out to $2.86 a day—or a total of $26,873. On top of that, Joey has spent 140 days in the city hospital for treatment of the DTs and otherwise drying out—another $1,400. Add them up and you get a total of $45,373 in costs, from which you can deduct the $510 in fines Joey has managed to scrape together on 52 occasions. Net cost: $44,863.

And how many Joeys are there? Who knows? Latest FBI figures show that 1.5 million people are being arrested each year on charges of drunkenness, drunken driving, and similar offenses. Any schoolboy can figure out what this costs by multiplying the number of arrests by the $60-per-case figure used in the typical city where Joey is running up the taxpayers' bill. On top of this, of course, are the costs of jail care and, in many cases, hospitalization for extended periods.

That's fine, the highly paid liquor lobbyists say, but after all most drinkers aren't skid-row bums like Joey. Most people just like a little bracer now and then—and that isn't costing the taxpayer anything. Far from it, the lobbyists will tell you; as a matter of fact, look at all the revenue the states collect in liquor taxes.

THE answer in one word is, nuts; or, to be more exact, peanuts. Because peanuts is the best description of how the amount collected in liquor taxes stacks up against what the states spend in rehabilitation, court processing, and all the other costs of handling problem drinkers. Just look at a few figures:

Right now, 65 million or more of your fellow Americans drink. Of these, investigators say, 8 million drink habitually; between 4 and 7 million are alcoholics. Worse, the number of problem drinkers is zooming at the rate of 250,000 a year. As of this minute, these men and women are costing U.S. industry over $1 billion a year in labor turnover and absenteeism due to hangovers. That's a billion bucks' worth of merchandise, services, and products lost to all of us—and liquor taxes aren't picking up the check for that. You are.

As for skid row, welfare and medical workers say that 85 per cent of American alcoholics are to be found in the regular residential neighborhoods—where you live—and not scrounging for dimes in filthy "streets of the lost." Not yet, anyway. Give them a few more years—or months.

And that tax-receipts argument: Well, the usual rule of thumb of sociologists who have looked into this problem is that the tax dollars spent to care for problem drinkers equal the amount spent for booze each year. Latest available figures show American drinkers are spending nearly $11 *billion* a year, split almost equally between hard liquor and beer. In 1955, the industry paid only $3.8 billion in taxes. It's easy to see that the less than $4 billion collected falls far short of the $11 billion estimated to be needed for care. For every dollar collected in liquor taxes, some areas are spending $8 in handling alcoholics. That $8 is coming out of the taxpayers' wallets.

For a close-up of the way this works out, let's take a look at California. Out in the Golden State, the legislature hiked the liquor tax and collections zoomed to an estimated annual rate of $50 million in 1956. But in that same period the state's estimated 600,000 alcoholics ran up a $300-million tab for public treatment.

As if that isn't enough, California officials expect the population of their mental hospitals soon to reach 48,200—and they blame alcohol for a major share of these disorders. This makes one widely quoted estimate that

60,000 Americans enter mental institutions each year as a result of too much tippling seem conservative. One physician estimates that one out of every five boozers committed to a mental institution has suffered permanent brain damage.

Who can estimate the economic waste all this involves in loss of wages, in increased relief payments to destitute wives and dependent children, in resultant divorces? You can hazard your own guess—but remember, you're paying the bill.

Is there anyone who can estimate, too, the tragic economic loss—leaving aside all moral and ethical questions—in the thousands of men and women who drink themselves to premature graves? How do you figure the dollars and cents each of these would have earned, the product he would have contributed to society, if

he had not thrown it over for the deadliest narcotic of our time—alcohol? How do you put a price on the loss to society represented by every booze-befuddled bum on skid row?

Upton Sinclair, in his inspiring work, *The Cup of Fury* (Channel Press, Inc. $3), puts it this way:

"I compile a list of the victims I have known, and there are 75 names; I should say that 30 of them are known to most literate Americans; a dozen are known throughout the literate world. I say it is a frightful thing that so much of the talent and genius of America should have been distorted by alcoholic poisoning. . . . Most of them started with vision and courage, but in the end the example they give us is of sickness of mind and soul."

And he calls the roll: Jack London, Sinclair Lewis, Maxwell Bodenheim, F. Scott Fitzgerald, Sherwood Anderson, Theodore Dreiser . . . and on, and on, and on.

But now, let's turn the searchlight into another dark corner: the cost of alcohol-induced crime. Sit in any police station and you'll soon learn that the majority of crimes are committed by someone who's "loaded." So, too, with accidents.

STATE-BY-STATE investigation has shown that up to 51 per cent of the drivers involved in fatal automobile accidents were under the influence of liquor; an additional number, ranging up to 21 per cent, in some areas surveyed, "had been drinking." Worse, this figure appears to be climbing 1 per cent a year. The U.S. is suffering 41,000 auto fatalities annually. If liquor were not present, who knows how far this figure would drop?

You get a glimpse of the staggering cold-cash costs of the gasoline and laughing-water mixture when you consider that the cost of a road fatality is estimated by some insurance men at $120,000. But suppose it was your husband or wife who was killed by a gin-soaked driver. How much cash would you take to have him—or her—back?

Yes, the bill is big—and getting bigger. In this supposedly Christian land, available figures indicate we're spending more than eight times as much for liquor as we do for personal medical care. That's not all.

We're shelling out $50 million more than for milk and dairy products, and over $1 billion more than for all the gas and oil we burn in our cars and trucks. As a matter of fact, the only two big items in the national "family budget" which top our liquor bill are meat and rent.

Somehow, Americans find ways to plunk down three bucks at the tavern and package-goods store for every dollar they put in the church collection plate or give to welfare drives.

With that sort of money flowing in, the liquor boys find it child's play to wage multi-million-dollar advertising drives aimed at recruiting new suckers. Last year they spent well over $400 million on ads. No wonder Americans are lured into paying out nearly $11 billion for grog at a time when they can get up only $9 billion for their crammed-to-the-ears public schools. No wonder, too, that liquor stores outnumber churches and synagogues—443,057 to 305,449 at latest count.

One recent aspect of the problem is proving especially bothersome to responsible officials. That's the woman drinker. One authority recently placed at 1 million the number of known American women alcoholics; others say that figure should be 3.5 million. As recently as 1937, only one out of every eight alcoholics was a woman; now it's estimated as high as one in two, and Alcoholics Anonymous leaders say that more and more of their members are women.

TESTS BY hospitals and clinics indicate that, as a rough average, a male problem drinker may hit the bottle for 10 to 20 years before he wrecks himself. But the typical woman alcoholic turns the trick in a matter of months. Chances are, according to a leading New York hospital, out of every female foursome of drinkers, at least one of those women will end up soon with amnesia, mental illness, cirrhosis of the liver, or neuritis—from booze.

The cost of the woman drinker is also a tough one to figure. But look at it this way: FBI Chief J. Edgar Hoover says delinquency has shot up 28 per cent in the last six years—and he blames parental failure for most of the upsurge. Behind parental failures all too often is the liquor-lapping mother.

Try another tack. Talk to welfare investigators. They'll tell you the unrecognized cost of booze is incalculable. Thousands of rummies collect X dollars every day by panhandling. They're clogging jails and courts, forcing cities—that means you—to build new ones. As of now, almost every major American city is spending a minimum of $1 million a year on these human sponges.

WASHINGTON, D.C., taxpayers are being belted by a $2-million-a-year tab. In San Francisco, homeless single men, most of them alcoholics, are collecting $700,000 each year in relief payments alone. Los Angeles voters okayed a bond issue of $2 million for a rehabilitation center, run by the police and costing $600,000 a year to operate. Now handling 600 inmates at a clip, it is to be expanded soon to take 1,500.

In Mecklenburg County, N.C., a newspaper reporter found alcoholism was costing at least $22 million a year in "measurable" losses. Then he wrote: "Add the cost of slowdown in production, the total cost of drunks and/or alcoholics, along with the weekend-binge boys, and it comes to something nearer $50 million a year for Mecklenburg alone. That in itself is fantastic. But when you also add the uncountable cost in broken homes, broken hearts, broken minds, and broken spirits, drunks in Mecklenburg come unbelievably high."

That's the way it is all over. Drunks come unbelievably high. The liquor advertisements would have you believe that the key to gracious living is a snifter; that any fool can handle his booze; that liquor taxes are a boon to the public treasury.

Next time you hear that line, remember—it's malarky. There's only one person picking up the tab on the bill for crime, accidents, wastage, medical care, smashed lives, relief payments, and all the many social breakdowns that liquor brings.

That's you, John Q. And as long as you're willing to grin and bear it, they'll keep sticking you with it—but good.

Hobby Alley

RADIO 'HAMS'

Some of their best fun is in helping others!

Methodist J. Stan Surber of Peru, Ind., spends up to eight hours a day relaying messages to Arctic regions from this corner of his dining room.

YOU NEVER KNOW quite what to expect from these amateur radio operators, or hams, as they call themselves. When I phoned J. Stan Surber, a long-time ham in Peru, Ind., to talk about his hobby, he brought me up short. "Say," he asked, "how would you like to talk to some of my boys up near the North Pole?"

He connected the phone to his transmitter and suddenly I was speaking directly to a ham on Ice Island T-3, a 4½-by-9-mile block of ice floating west of Ellesmere Island, north of Canada. Surber helps boost morale of the 34 U.S. Air Force men stationed there by communicating with them every day and relaying messages between them and their families. That particular day, he handled 41 messages for men on the ice island.

Surber's unusual radio-mail service to the Arctic earned for him the Edison Radio Amateur Award for distinguished public service and a special government citation—first of its kind—naming him "honorary postman." Acting as a sort of paternal watchdog for scores of grateful men who otherwise would be sealed off months at a time from the rest of the world, he processes up to 1,000 messages a month—and still holds a full-time job as a train dispatcher.

Says Surber: "Nothing else gives me so much fun and satisfaction as my ham-radio hobby. And because of my far-north service I've made hundreds of friends in the U.S., Canada, and about 25 foreign countries."

Surber, a Methodist known to other amateurs by his station call, W9NZZ, is just one of roughly 150,000 licensed hams in the U.S. He insists he's not unusual; that throughout this "great ham fraternity" you'll find the same friendly, outgoing spirit of service—and the conviction that amateur radio is the most rewarding and exciting of hobbies.

Certainly this is true of another Methodist ham, 17-year-old Fred Kellogg of Elizabeth, La. He was bitten by the amateur-radio bug four years ago when he first sampled short-wave broadcasts on an old radio. Since then, he's spent most of his spare time studying for a ham license and, more recently, operating his station, K5EQW. He'll talk your ears off about the fun he's had contacting hams in 45 states and 20 countries on six continents. A Methodist minister's son, Fred plans to serve Christ by joining one of the radio missionary stations now broadcasting religious programs from Liberia, the Philippines, Korea, and several Latin American countries.

What attracts so many to this hobby? Mostly the fun and thrill of talking with some of the world's 220,000 hams. In ham ranks are businessmen, lumberjacks, secretaries, missionaries, farmers, shut-ins, military and governmental leaders, schoolgirls, even a grand duke and several princes—about as congenial an assemblage as you'll find anywhere.

Today the average U.S. ham is 36, but one veteran is approaching 90 and countless others are barely into their teens. So it's an ideal hobby for whole families—and useful, too. One Methodist ham's son spent two years in Japan, yet chatted daily with home via short-wave radio.

Ham radio has come a long way since the days an adventurous few fashioned the first crude sets from tin foil, oatmeal boxes, and Model T spark coils. Not regulated then as they are now by the Federal Communications Commission, they behaved on the air like mischievous boys skipping stones on a big pond. That's how the nickname "ham" came about, they say—as a disparaging term for their haphazard operations. When governmental controls were set up to curb their activity, some thought hams would be driven off the air. Instead, look what happened!

These steadily mushrooming hobby-

ists have tested radio under all conditions and paved the way for hundreds of technical advances. More important, they've helped people everywhere. In 1927 one ham summoned aid for a Vermont town helpless after a flood, using two doorbell batteries for power. Later a Long Beach, Calif., schoolboy —just licensed—sent out the first call for help after an earthquake wiped out all other forms of communication. By organizing emergency networks during recent hurricanes, hams helped save many lives.

Currently they are playing a big part in Civil Defense and Civil Air Patrol operations and are handling thousands of messages for scientists scattered around the world during the International Geophysical Year.

Is ham radio for you? Most anyone who can twirl a TV knob can learn to be a ham and the cost of basic equipment can be surprisingly modest—about $150 for new, factory-made outfits, less if you scout for good used equipment or build part of the set from unassembled kits.

For helpful tips in starting this hobby, send 50¢ to the American Radio Relay League, West Hartford 7, Conn., and ask for the booklet, *How to Become a Radio Amateur*. Or ask a licensed ham to explain how to qualify.

Chances are you won't be able to resist if you watch a ham at work. Take, for example, the irate television viewer who one evening charged into a neighboring ham's "shack" (equipment room) and warned him never again to cause interference during a favorite program. Hours later, after watching the enthusiastic ham at work, he left reluctantly and hurried home to his anxious wife.

"Honey," he exclaimed, "I've found just the hobby for us!"

—Richard Underwood

Young Fred Kellogg has chatted with ham operators in 20 foreign nations.

Name Your Hobby

Amateur Radio: Rev. Kenneth M. Goode (WSKRO), Box 244, Bryant, Ark.; Harvey Thompson, R. 1, Box 143, Goldendale, Wash.; Jim Widener (KN4QEH), Box 3142, Kingsport, Tenn.

Bells: Mrs. Tom Bell, Box 382, Hebron, Ind.; Dr. Karl P. Meister, 2S9 Hamilton Ave., Elyria, Ohio; Mrs. Donald Gaige, Alpine, N.Y.

Books: Rev. E. L. Yeats, Box 666, Roby, Tex. (about Texas); Mrs. Wilbur Kirkpatrick, R. 1, Eaton, Ind. (out-of-print).

Buttons: Mrs. M. L. Ward, 1840 N. Main St., Fremont, Neb.; Earl R. Uphoff, 606 W. Rock Pl., Milwaukee 12, Wis.; Ken Carr, 3707 Dumbarton, Houston 2S, Tex. (campaign); Pearl Ohme, RFD 1, Casey, Ill.; Lloyd F. Stone, RFD 1, Box 127, West Decatur, Pa. (railroad uniform); Mrs. Edwin C. Gibson, RFD 1, Casey, Iowa (antique).

Coffee Grinders: Mrs. Orlie Willennar, Hamilton, Ind.

Cylinder Phonograph Records: O. L. Ystad, 3392 Harrison Ave., Astoria, Ore.

Dolls: Mrs. Elmer Curtis, R. 2, Brasher Falls, N.Y.; Pauline McAlister, 1218 E. Broadway, Glendale S, Calif.; Mrs. Robert R. Huddleston, 1411 Locust Pl., Thornton, Denver 16, Colo.

Figurines: Dorothy M. Dyer, Box 912, Coolidge, Ariz.

Flowers: I. G. Sanders, 534 Eighth St., Selinsgrove, Pa. (roses); Mrs. Grace S. Lansing, S0 Van Nostrand Ave., Dover, N.J.

Genealogy: Mrs. John K. Hutchinson, 134 S. Warren Ave., Columbus 4, Ohio (Adams, Ridenour, Houdashelt, Smith); Mrs. Lyman Hanthorne, Box 109, Oswego, Kan. (Hanthorne, Ide, Windrum); Mrs. L. W. Smith, 2620 46th St., Lubbock, Tex. (Lawrence, Mathews, Watkins); Marjorie Z. Dawson, S06 E. Center, Mount Vernon, Mo. (Forbis); Mrs. Katie Neeld Miller, 1742 Glendale St., Jacksonville 5, Fla. (Neeld); Paul B. Murff, Floydada, Tex. (Medlock, Cockerham, Hannah); Alta M. Stevenson, 8559 S. Wolcott Ave., Chicago 9, Ill. (Stevenson, Stout, Roberts, Bunis, Munns, Sharp, Ruddle or Ruddell, Tremain, Nay, Crawford).

Glass and Copper Lustre: Mrs. Mabel Hale Brackett, Estherville, Iowa.

Hooked Rugs: Mrs. C. E. Muren, 6764 La Presa Dr., San Gabriel, Calif.

Mail Chess: W. H. Inman, 602 Gallatin St., N.W., Washington, D.C.; Rev. Richard Lungren, 322 Park Ave., Fort Lupton, Colo.

Matchbooks: Barbara Croneis, 70 S. 7th Ave., La Grange, Ill.

Miniatures: Mrs. Jack W. Obray, 1S0S4 Del Rey, Victorville, Calif. (vases); Mrs. Kenard A. Clark, Paradise, Kan. (cats); Mrs. Ralph Rostine, 617 N. Elm, Hoisington, Kan. (pianos).

Minstrels: Edmund D. Strang, 193 Seymour Ave., Derby, Conn.

Music: J. S. Lehman, R. 2, Box 216B, Gresham, Ore. (vocal); Dick Strahan, 6107 S. Artesian, Chicago 29, Ill. (operatic).

Pencils: Mrs. Merlin Eugley, North Waldoboro, Me.; Sharon Powell, Box 101, Rawson, Ohio.

Pitchers: Mrs. Sara Kocher, 2740 Cochran Ave., Williamsport 37, Pa.; Mrs. S. W. Taylor, 1123 Lawrence St., Houston 8, Tex.; Mrs. Cora MacDonald, Sr., 76 W. Main St., Sidney, N.Y.; Mrs. Bessie Lefler, Cedar Vale, Kan.; Mrs. Milo DeLashmutt, Mt. Union, Iowa.

Recipes: Jean Hubbard, Fernwood, N.Y.; Mrs. Wilbur S. Warner, 107 E. Broadway, Redwood Falls, Minn.; Mrs. Harry T. Loeffler, 2838 Wyndale Rd., Toledo 13, Ohio.

Salt and Pepper Shakers: Mrs. Bobby Skipper, Box 313, La Pine, Ala.; Mrs. W. L. Underwood, 109 S. Sixth, Amory, Miss.; Mrs. William S. Fisher, 73 Bridge St., Belleville 9, N.J.

Sea Shells: Sandra Kip, 840 44th St., West Palm Beach, Fla.

Snakes: Melinda Woodie, 6120 Leona St., St. Louis 16, Mo.

Stamps: Bill Seeley, 126 Adams St., Hutchinson, Minn.; Lynn Eicholz, 3118 W. 86th St., Cleveland 2, Ohio; Keith Goodnow, Woodruff, Wis.; Mrs. Charles H. York, 2070 S. Fifth St., Springfield, Ill.; Sharon Faye Evans, R. 2, Clarksville, Tenn.; Marilyn Sperring, 2 Selmond Crescent, Kumalo, Bulawayo, Southern Rhodesia, Africa; Mrs. Don F. Johnson, 2S739 Walker St., San Bernardino, Calif.

Tatting Patterns: Mrs. Pauline Antisdel, Box 8682, Sarasota, Fla.

Pen Pals (open to age 18): Albert Pierce, Jr., (14), 79 Sheridan Ave., Brooklyn 8, N.Y.; Chester Parker (11), Eastman, Ga.; Glenda Thomas (8), Eastman, Ga.; Blaine King (13), Box 94, Manorville, Pa.; Judith Cornwell (1S), Adams, Minn.; Wayne Kline (7), Stone Chapel & Reis Rds., Pikesville 8, Md.; Reid Myers (9), 71S Sudbrook Rd., Pikesville 8, Md.; Martha Nussear (10), Nicodemus Rd., Reisterstown, Md.; Linda Langrehr (11), 13 Sheraton Rd., Randallstown, Md.; Kenneth Freeland (10), 2 Orchard Rd., Pikesville 8, Md.; Yvonne Marshall (10), Lyons Mill Rd., Owings Mills, Md.; Dorothy Morrison (1S), 18 Marlboro St., Maynard, Mass.; Sheryl Cushman (13), Milan, Minn.; Cathy Sherman (14), Apartado 321, Guantanamo, Oriente, Cuba; Lymen E. Snurr (16), 18 Tritle Ave., Waynesboro, Pa.; Penny Stearns (15), 2815 Avenue A, Council Bluffs, Iowa; David Lee Smith (10), Britt Ranch, Wheeler, Tex.; Kay Newell (14), RR. 1, Malvern, Iowa; Janet Schalk (16), 246S Wahl Terrace, Cincinnati 11, Ohio; Susan Rhodes (11), 30 W. Brown St., Knightstown, Ind.; Marilyn White (1S), 324S Starr, Lincoln, Neb.; Carol Harkness (15), RFD 1, Glenford, Ohio; Carol Bankson (10), RR 1, Warrensburg, Ill.; Guy O. Farmer (16), Box 42, Hamlin, W. Va.; Janice Reed (14), SS 21st Ave., S.W., Cedar Rapids, Iowa; Linda Strawn (12), Box 7, Centerburg, Ohio; Cathy Shipley (13), Box 165, Centerburg, Ohio; Carole Rich (16), 705 S. 103rd St., West Allis, Wis.; Linda Smets (13), Curtis Park, Philipsburg, Pa.; Dee Ann Spradling (14), S63 S. Main, Winchester, Ind.; Tiny Bess Evans (11), Box 302, Winona, Miss.; Mary Gritzmacher (13), Sauk Lake, Fairview, Sauk Centre, Minn.; Jane Beeson (1S), Box 146, Hamshire, Tex.; Penny L. Riddle (17), 31S Washington Ave., Oak Hill, W. Va.; Marie Coyle (13), 642S Washburn Ave. S., Minneapolis 23, Minn.; Valda Lapo (13), Shady, N.Y.; Karlyn Doreen Norton (12), 408 W. 14th St., Vancouver, Wash.; Abby Del Porter (12), S03 Park Ave., Anderson, Ind.; Loleda Wright (16), 2S N. 30th St., Lafayette, Ind.; Evelyn McHenry (16), Napier, W. Va.; Rowena Stevens (13), West Glover, Vt.; Sharon Jean Stewart (9), 215 Alameda St., Tacoma, Wash.; Nancy Keisler (16), 333 W. 29th St., Lorain, Ohio.

Where Do Great Ideas Come From?

From its beginnings this nation has been guided by great ideas.

The men who hammered out the Constitution and the Bill of Rights were thinkers—men of vision—the best educated men of their day. And every major advance in our civilization since that time has come from minds *equipped by education* to create great ideas and put them into action.

So, at the very core of our progress is the college classroom. It is there that the imagination of young men and women gains the intellectual discipline that turns it to useful thinking. It is there that the great ideas of the future will be born.

That is why the present tasks of our colleges and universities are of vital concern to *every* American. These institutions are doing their utmost to raise their teaching standards, to meet the steadily rising pressure for enrollment, and provide the healthy educational climate in which great ideas may flourish.

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Barnabas takes

Looks at New Books

The adventures of a French lad as he discovers the magic of The Red Balloon make an enchanting story for all the young in heart.

Every once in a while a book published for one age group turns out to be a best seller for all ages. Such a book, we predict, will be *The Red Balloon* by **Albert Lamorisse** (Doubleday, $2.95).

It's a simple story of a young French boy who finds a red balloon with magical and mystical powers; yet the real pull of this book is in the superb pictures which bring the story to life. They show the Paris tourists seldom see—the school, the church, the home life of ordinary Parisians photographed with extraordinary skill.

You'll like this one if whimsy is your cup of tea, if good photography and dramatic color appeal to you, and if you have a spot of cash to expend on a conversation-piece sort of book.

It probably would help—but you don't need to be a New Englander to get a tingle out of *American Yesterday,* a handsomely illustrated volume by **Eric Sloane** (Wilfred Funk, $3.95). Nor will you need to be urged if you've already enjoyed, as has Barnabas, Sloane's *American Barns and Covered Bridges* and *Our Vanishing Landscape.*

This Connecticut Yankee vibrates with enthusiasm for the pioneer builders and the work of their hands. It was honest and sturdy and, withal, has great beauty.

Take churches, for example. The chapter devoted to them is sympathetically written, and sagely sketches their religious and social backdrop. Barnabas and his Bonnie felt a bit effete and soft upon reading that in the early 18th century, "church services used to start at nine in the morning and lasted until dusk, because by town vote no lights were allowed in most churches. The first lights in church buildings appeared about 1820. The first stoves were installed about the same time, but against much protest. Churches were the coldest houses in town, and many a preacher's winter diary noted that 'bread was frozen at the Lord's table today.' "

And today we complain if we sit in a slight draft, or too near a radiator!

Cornell University experts have come up with some interesting new guides for selecting storybooks for three to five-year-olds.

They tell us their research proves these youngsters like stories of animals, mechanical objects, and nonsense, in that order. And when it comes to color, preschoolers like pastels and dark shades rather than bright colors in their storybook pictures.

Photographs are preferred to black and white drawings, and fanciful drawings, such as walking spoons, to realistic ones.

A View from the Hill, by **Cid Ricketts Sumner** (Prentice-Hall, $2.95), is a book with its sights raised. This is a healthy, happy book for anyone left alone in the senior years of his lifetime. Mrs. Sumner relates how she was shaken from an unhappy rut by a chance encounter with a palm reader, of all persons. What this self-styled seer told her wasn't half as important, though, as how the author made over

her attitudes on life and its problems.

One paragraph stands out as a guide to a stimulating life. It's just as good for young people as for their elders, though it was written for the latter:

"I know a woman, instinctively wise in human relations, who said to me once, 'As we get older it is a good idea to make one new friend every year. . . . Not just a superficial acquaintance but a real friend, the long-lasting, dependable kind.' . . . One must put himself in a position to meet a good many new people in the course of a year, meeting each one with lively interest, remembering with every new encounter that no matter how alien or how odd or unprepossessing the exterior, there may be hidden beneath such treasures of wisdom, gaiety and kindness that this may turn out to be the friend of the year. There is something almost miraculous in the effect brought about by just having this notion, this hope, in the back of one's mind. The most casual stranger seems to pick it up out of the air, and the response is heart-warming."

Young **Ray Bradbury,** talented writer that he is, took me back a lot of years and made me feel at home again. His *Dandelion Wine* (Doubleday, $3.95) is the story of one summer in the life of a small boy. It is beautiful, poetic, and—we suspect—largely autobiographical, although supposedly a novel.

Seems as if the teen-age allowances at our house are stretched to cover more items each week. The latest *must* on the teeners' list is color film for the new camera.

I wonder if it wouldn't be wise to suggest to the youngsters that they can *make* money with the camera. There's an illuminating chapter on this very subject in *Photography for Teen-agers* by **Lucile Robertson Marshall** (Prentice-Hall, $3.95). The author shows real insight into the youngsters' desire to take good pictures, and gives her readers a hatful of ideas. Further, her explanation of basic photographic principles is lucid and even ingenious.

I've never dared ask my psychologist friends why I'm that way. But when I see a book such as **Leland Lovelace's** *Lost Mines and Hidden Treasure* (Naylor Co., San Antonio, $4), I've just got to have it. And before the day is ended I'm looking for maps—in this case of the Superstition Mountains and the High Sierras.

What makes this book irresistible to me is that after the author tells all that

Here We Stand

Reformation Day comes October 31. With these books, take a fresh look at the life of M. Luther and review what we Protestants believe in.

MARTIN LUTHER: ROAD TO REFORMATION by Heinrich Boehmer (Living Age-Meridian, $1.45). The author, a German, is one of the most astute modern students of the Reformation. This excellent translation recreates Luther the man and the world he lived in. The reading is sometimes heavy, but it's well worth the extra effort. You'll be rewarded by gaining historical perspective on one of the world's most influential religious figures, the founder of Protestantism.

A PROTESTANT MANIFESTO by Winfred E. Garrison (Abingdon Press, $1.25). This book examines the whole Protestant movement, from its early beginnings to the place it occupies in the modern world. Some facets of our faith are distinctly our own, some are also the indispensable possessions of other forms of Christianity, and a few are shared by the non-Christian religions. An evening with this book will give you a keener knowledge of the things we cherish, those that are alien to our beliefs, and those all Protestants vehemently reject.

A SHORT PRIMER FOR PROTESTANTS by James H. Nichols (Association Press, 50¢). All around us today we hear cries bemoaning the disintegration of family life. Thus it is reassuring to examine the profound effect Protestantism has had on civilization for 400 years, during which it has helped make the family a religious as well as a biological and economic unit. Much of the strength of Protestant churches today had its origins in home worship at that first family altar of Martin and Katherine Luther.

This is an excellent book for the Methodist layman who wants the ability to express his beliefs to others. At times we all have wondered how to answer the hammering critics of Protestantism on closely drawn issues. The author has seemed to plumb the depths of these questions and provides thoughtful answers, stated in such clear terms they are certain to be remembered.

THE WHY OF PROTESTANTISM (10¢; $1 for 12)—Contains a brief historical view of the Reformation and reviews basic tenets of Protestantism; WHAT PROTESTANTS BELIEVE (10¢; $1 for 12)—Covers the subject in the well-chosen words of the late Hugh Thomson Kerr; WHEN YOU COME OVER (20¢)—Explains differences and common beliefs for the convert from Roman Catholicism to Protestant beliefs.

These three pamphlets may be ordered from *P&D* Dept., *National Council of Churches, 120 E. 23rd St., New York 10, N.Y.*

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Browsing in Fiction

Gerald Kennedy

BISHOP, LOS ANGELES AREA, THE METHODIST CHURCH

It is amazing to me that so much is produced in various fields of writing, yet so little of it has any outstanding merit. Nowhere is this more apparent today than in fiction. If you think the list of best sellers is inadequate, you ought to see the novels that never reach that height. Those infrequent best sellers, after all, usually have something to commend them. Yet to my desk comes what sometimes seems like a deluge of novels. Does anybody ever read them? Why were they published in the first place? I do not know the answer, but I do wish there were fewer novels appearing—and better ones! This pessimistic mood may be due to the low level of my sampling this month.

THEY HANGED MY SAINTLY BILLY, by Robert Graves *(Doubleday, $3.95).*

Robert Graves is always coming up with something fresh and new, and I admire him for this breadth of interest. Apparently nothing is too big for his undertaking—at one time he wrote a very critical biography of Jesus. For his latest book, however, he has gone back to an old English trial and concludes that English justice miscarried and an innocent man was hanged. That man, Dr. William Palmer, was accused of poisoning a friend. Besides being a doctor, he was a gambler, drinker, forger, adulterer, and horse-racing enthusiast. Graves' point is that while all of this was true, the doctor was not a murderer. He makes his case fairly strong, but to me it was heavy going all the way.

NIGHTMARE AND DAWN, by Mark Aldanov *(Duell, Sloan & Pearce, $4.50).*

This was my introduction to Aldanov. According to the blurb on the cover, one of his previous novels was accepted by a book club. But if this is a sample of his style, I wonder why. Have you ever heard a person tell a story that has real dramatic interest, then ruin it by excessive attention to details? A good storyteller hits the high points and makes it move, so you get to the crux of the matter in a hurry. (Note how the Bible does this.) A poor storyteller, however, wastes narrative by allowing his characters to puzzle over whether it happened June 4 or June 5, and whether it was Aunt Mary or Uncle Joe who did it. This is what Aldanov does in his book. I tired quickly of the circling, useless introspection of his characters, yet realized he has the material for a terrific story. It's about the cold war in Berlin and the work of intelligence services. But, like my last Sunday's sermon, the conclusion falls flat. I kept going because the cover blurb said it had an unusual ending. It certainly did. It was like waiting for a firecracker to go off and then hearing it fizzle out.

SAY DARLING, by Richard Pike Bissell *(Little, Brown, $3.95).*

Here is a raucous, oftentimes humorous account of how a Broadway musical was produced. I read it just before seeing a couple of Broadway shows this summer and I must confess that in spite of its profanity and lack of morals, it has its amusing moments. Bissell, I understand, was one of the producers of a recent Broadway hit and knows whereof he speaks. He recreates a mad atmosphere in which no one knows exactly where he is going or why—the way some people still think of Hollywood. Although this may be a fairly typical show-business environment, I find it difficult to believe that things are quite as haphazard and uncertain as Bissell intimates. He is having some fun, however, and I probably shouldn't take his words too literally. If you do not enjoy seeing a Broadway musical, you certainly will not enjoy this book. It is pretty worldly, brethren.

is known about a treasure trove, he gives a waybill telling where to look! Here, for example, is how he steers adventurous readers to the mine of the Golden Bullets:

"The gold is surely going to be found someday. . . . Search under the Mogollon Rim, in the Tonto Basin, below Promontory Butte, where the East Tonto Creek arises."

Let's see, now, I have one more week of vacation this year. . . .

Protestantism took root at Jamestown, Va., in 1607. That's no news to any TOGETHER reader who saw the June issue. But it is news to me that in 1579 a Protestant service was held in California. It was conducted near San Francisco Bay by Chaplain Fletcher of Sir Francis Drake's expedition.

If you enjoy reading such off-center fact, you'll find rich going in *California Firsts* (Fearon, San Francisco, $5.50), by **Rockwell D. Hunt,** PX-dean of the University of California's graduate school. Now 90, he's been hailed by his governor as "Mr. California." How he pulled together so many facts—and embroidered them with human interest—leaves me bewildered. First chartered college out there, for example, was Methodist-sponsored California Wesleyan, now College of the Pacific. It dates from 1851—only about two years after the world went crazy over gold discovered at Sutter's Mill.

Congratulations, "Mr. California," on creating the kind of book I wish I might someday write!

Square dances and Halloween go together like sweet cider and doughnuts. All over the land squares and circles are forming, and many an old folk song furnishes the lilting melody for skipping and shuffling feet.

We've just thumbed through a new collection of folk games, chosen for their gay simplicity and originality from a vast collection of native Middle West Americana. It's *Singing Games and Dances* by **David S. McIntosh** (Association Press, $3).

Even a beginner can join the sets or act as caller after a few minutes' study of the clear directions in this volume.

Reminds us that next month is time for 4-H Club Congress here in Chicago. One regular recreational feature at the gathering is some of the best square dancing seen anywhere in America.

If you harbor a budding Burbank under your rooftree and his age is, say, 10 to 14, he'll have scads of fun and learn a lot from **Millicent E. Selsam's** *Play with Seeds* (Morrow, $2.50).

In telling the story of seeds, Mrs. Selsam portrays for children their enormous importance in providing food and a basis for clothing and hundreds of other manufactured items. Absorbing

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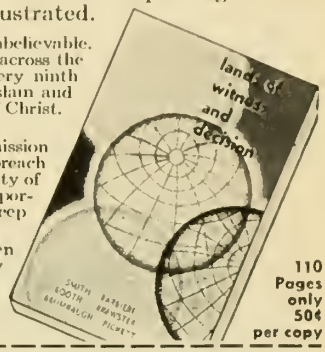
BELGIAN CONGO—The speed of change in Africa is almost unbelievable. Less than 80 years ago Stanley made the first trip of any Christian across the Congo Basin, nearly as large as Eastern United States. Today every ninth person is a member of the Christian church, but the Crescent of Islam and the Hammer and Sickle of Communism are challenging the Cross of Christ. What will the Congo choose?

BOLIVIA—Called Methodism's most beautiful and most difficult mission field. Only during the last 50 years has opportunity been given to preach the Gospel according to the Protestant tradition. Until 1906 the penalty of doing so was death. Now Bolivia presents one of our brightest opportunities. The church has doubled in membership within four years. Keep it growing and spreading.

SARAWAK—For long years the head-hunting Ibans, the "Wild Men of Borneo," were inaccessible to missionaries. Being forced into new patterns of living they have turned to the Methodist missionaries along the river, wanting to learn about "the Jesus God." In three years more than 2000 have been baptized, including some of their leading chiefs. Countless villages are pleading for missionaries. Do not fail this important corner of the world.

KOREA—War has shaken the life of every Korean. Half a century of missionary witness has produced a strong Korean church. Put a Methodist pastor in any village and the next morning he will have a congregation. No wonder Methodism has grown from 45,000 to 85,000 members since the war. The next ten years may decide if the Christian church will have won a most strategic victory on the mainland of Asia.



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experiments are outlined, many requiring no more than a few dried pea beans or lima beans (or a spoonful of parakeet seeds), a couple of old glass jars, and cast-off sauce dishes. One requirement not listed in her book is an understanding mother—one willing to assign (or *resign!*) a corner of the family refrigerator to this do-it-yourself, scientific adventure.

It's all been arranged at our house, and we expect soon to have enough bean sprouts to inspire a typical Chinese dinner.

It's a clever writer who can turn out a whole book about dressing a lowly sweet potato with a few odd bits of fabric and a ribbon! But it's been done, and I'm sure all little girls will love *The Sweet Patootie Doll* by **Mary Calhoun** (Morrow, $2.75).

This story is good enough to stand the test of telling without illustration. But why debate that when Roger Duvoisin has supplied such exciting color drawings and pen-and-ink sketches? It's listed for the four to eight-year age group, but I've noticed folks a few years older having a long look at this one in our house.

Good friend Norman Cousins, who between public-speaking engagements edits *The Saturday Review,* says of **Ved Mehta**: "I have an idea the world will hear a great deal about him in the years to come."

Chances are you'll agree after reading the autobiography of this 23-year-old sightless Hindu, *Face to Face* (Atlantic-Little, Brown, $4.50). It's a spellbinder from cover to cover.

Ved Mehta: Youth with a mission.

Blinded by meningitis at the age of three, Ved spent a lonely boyhood. But he was blessed by a father who had great dreams of what a sightless

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boy could accomplish. By that inner drive given to so few, the boy determined to find a Western school that would accept him.

His pleas finally fell on receptive ears at the Arkansas School for the Blind, and at 15 Ved set out for America, alone. He made good—and now has a scholarship at Oxford.

This talented young man's book opens undreamed-of vistas to the sightless; pays great tribute to the early contacts with missionaries in India who work to heal the body as well as inform the mind; and portrays clearly the life and reasoning of the modern Hindu.

The sightless in India have but two paths open to them: They can roam the streets as beggars, or fall back on the ancient trade of chair caning. Ved opens their sightless eyes to new possibilities—for he will train for leadership in his own country.

The old saw about little boys being made of "snips and snails and puppy dogs' tails" has a fresh meaning every time a new tyke moves into our neighborhood. For wherever you find little boys you are almost sure to find a puppy, and the affection centered on same has little relation to breed or AKC standing. Just let it be friendly—and a tail-wagger, please.

Gina Bell's *Andy and Mr. Wagner* (Abingdon Press, $1.25) is made to order for the dog-loving, beginning-reader set. Andy, who seems to us to be about six, wants a dog. He knows exactly the kind of dog it should be, and what it will be named.

How he settles for a very different sort of dog, while keeping the original name, is told in simple text, delightfully illustrated.

Ministers know best the dark hours that come to every life. Still, no minister ever can find the answers to his parishioners' needs in a single source; each must have a rich store of knowledge about how others have met and dealt with similar problems.

How suitable, then, that a minister has collected some of the deeply moving experiences of a host of people, all of whom faced up to their troubles with great courage. *Songs at Midnight*, by **Harold W. Ruopp** (Macalester Park Publishing Co., 50¢) is such a collection, and it has just come to our desk. This little volume impresses us with the universality of "midnights" that come with no regard for color, creed, or birth; for time or place. Somewhere, then, we may meet ourselves between the covers of this book.

Richard L. Neuberger, the junior Senator from Oregon, recently surveyed the reading habits—or lack of them—among his Senate colleagues.

Reading his report in *The New York*

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Ira S. Pimm, D.D., Box 45, Pennington, N. J.

Times magazine, it interested me to learn that Senator Matthew M. Neely of West Virginia is the most proficient quoter of the Bible. He reportedly can answer any question that comes up before that august group with a scriptural quotation providing an appropriate moral.

Neely says he has eschewed nearly all social events in the nation's capital, and thus has been able to read through the King James Version of the New Testament seven times.

A doctor friend tells of a patient who accepted a blood transfusion from a Scotch friend and paid him $50. Later he needed another, but this time he paid his friend $15. By the time a third transfusion was required he was so full of Scotch blood he merely said, "Thank you."

An aeon or two ago, back in the late Coonskin Coat Age, Barnabas was occasionally asked by his alma mater to bat down honorable opponents in intercollegiate debates. A great and good friend was the H. W. Wilson Co., which usually could be counted upon for a "Reference Shelf" book with a direct bearing on the subject of the current forensic hassle.

Latest in that series is *American Indians* (Vol. 29, No. 4, $2). **Walter M. Daniels** has pulled together in this volume a selection of articles that picture America's "schizophrenic confusion." Anthropologists, for example, want to keep the Indian Indian—in little "cultural islands." But the government's policy is keyed to the theme that Indians are people and should be gradually assimilated.

If the problem interests you, here in one book you'll find pros and cons neatly summed up to provide you with all you need for good conversational knowledge.

Oklahoma marks its 50th year of statehood in November. Nearly everybody knows it as the Sooner State, that label having been spread far and wide by the University of Oklahoma's eminent football team. But why the name "Sooner," we've always wondered?

A bit of research brought to light the reason. When the Oklahoma Territory was first opened to homesteaders in a series of runs beginning in 1889, thousands of pioneers came by buckboard, horse, train, and foot to stake their claims.

They scrambled across the border at the starting gun on April 22, only to find that the best sites had been taken illegally by those who got there a day or so *sooner*. And so it's been the Sooner State ever since, despite the unfavorable connotation of the term.

—BARNABAS

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Your Well Being

By Dr. George W. Crane

In good Methodist tradition, TOGETHER presents this column by a distinguished authority. John Wesley, himself, was concerned about care of the sick, and once wrote a best seller on the subject.

Q **As an athletic coach, I'd like to be able to give my boys the reasons why cigarettes cut down their wind.**

A First, smokers inhale some carbon monoxide from partially burned tobacco and paper, making the carbon monoxide content of their blood stream higher than in nonsmokers. This gas reduces the oxygen-carrying capacity of the red blood corpuscles so that the effect is much the same as if those blood cells had been lost via hemorrhage. Smokers are functionally more anemic than nonsmokers.

Secondly, tobacco fumes cause irritation, and irritation brings more moisture to the liquid coating that lines lung tissue. The thicker this becomes, the slower the absorption of oxygen. Smokers thus have more phlegm and they cough more than nonsmokers. This chronic irritation is thought by many experts to account for the higher rate of lung cancer among smokers.

Q **Are males really the stronger sex?**

A Only muscularly. For longevity, females are tougher. Far more males than females are procreated, but among miscarriages, boy babies outnumber girls, about 125 to 100. Still, at full term, boys outnumber girls 105 to 100. By middle age, however, women are in the majority. And they outlive males by an average of at least two years. So males actually are the more delicate sex. (Wives, please take note and coddle us a little more!)

Q **Is alcohol fattening?**

A Yes. It burns as it goes down our throats, creating a dull ache resembling stomach cramps. This misconstrued hunger causes drinkers to eat excessively. Also, alcohol ranks next to pure fat in caloric value. One gram of sugar produces four calories, but one gram of pure alcohol yields seven. Swallowing alcohol is almost like drinking melted butter!

Q **The surgeon wants to remove one of my kidneys. Can I lead an active life without it?**

A Yes. One can live on even half a kidney. God gave us a wide margin of safety in many vital organs. Half of one lung will maintain life. And we can survive with only one eighth of our liver tissue. But we have only one heart. Don't abuse it.

Q **Are we taller at one time of the day than another?**

A Yes, after a night's sleep we may be almost a full inch taller. During the day, if we stand a great deal, we mash down the cartilages between our vertebrae and in our joints and arches. But eight or 10 hours' sleep will let these cartilages spring back to normal size. If your children wish to gloat over increasing stature, measure them in the morning!

Q **My husband, 34, has just learned he has diabetes. How can I buoy his morale?**

A Remind him that diabetes is often a blessing in disguise. When we are forced to rule our behavior and appetites by our brain, we lead a more orderly life. We often live longer than if we had gorged ourselves, stayed up late, ignored the rules for good health. Maybe God has given your husband an extra 15 years of life. The same is often true of heart patients.

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OCTOBER 20

But how are men to call upon him in whom they have not believed?—Rom. 10:14

TWO HOURS away from the North Pole my plane dropped down over hundreds of icebergs and landed perfectly at the northernmost air base in the world—Thule, Greenland. Here is a multiplicity of interesting things—blue icebergs, vast icecaps, arctic nights four months long, but most of all *people,* the wonderful men of the service.

The chaplain told me how one of the men had circumvented an order against beards, declaring he was a Mohammedan. This temporarily defeated his commanding officer, who inquired as to the authenticity of the claim. The chaplain advised, "Ask him to explain the Koran and the significance of Mecca." When the lad was asked, he could only reply, "Okay, sir, I'll shave it off."

Can an indifferent pupil call upon the teacher at examination time? May a spendthrift call upon the bank when the mortgage is due?

How then shall they call upon him in whom they have not believed? Let us not close the gates of God's mercy. He is of prevailing intercession. However, we dare not close the gates of God's laws. Though there be pain in his eyes and sore disappointment in his heart, only our faith can grant God's faith its opportunity.

Prayer: As of old, our heavenly Father, "We believe, help thou our unbelief."

—C. F. MURPHY

OCTOBER 27

No temptation has overtaken you that is not common to man. God is faithful, and he will not let you be tempted beyond your strength.—I Cor. 10:13

Franklin C. Hubbard
Seneca, Ill.

WHEN ULYSSES came to the island of the sirens, he put wax into the ears of his sailors so that the seductive music might not lure them to the fatal shore. Orpheus knew a better way. When he approached the island, he took his lyre and played so beautifully that the voices of the sirens lost their charm. He overcame the temptations he encountered.

God has provided us with means to resist temptation and usually this means is by the cultivation of new and higher interests. A positive approach is necessary if we are to overcome. A negative reform never lasts long, nor can there ever be an armistice. Resolve to put some good act in the place of a bad one. The emptied house, swept and garnished, is soon reinhabited by the devil and a company of his friends. The most positive approach to temptation is faithfulness in prayer.

When a man resists temptation with merely mortal strength, he will not hold out long. Take that persistent temptation into the closet with you and say, "Father, hear me, forgive me, cleanse me, make me strong, and keep me." God will not suffer you to be tempted beyond your ability, but you've got to do something! Jesus prayed and left this counsel: "Men ought always to pray." Paul, in his struggle with "the thorn in the flesh," prayed. Prayer changes things—and through it you will triumph over temptation, every temptation that assails you.

Prayer: Sometimes we have prayed for thee to hide thy face from our sins, but we ask that thou wouldst turn thy light upon them so that they be consumed. Make known to us thy great strength so that we may go on and on, conquering in thy name. Amen.

—FRANKLIN C. HUBBARD

Hugh V. Ferguson
Hohenwald, Tenn.

NOVEMBER 3

Let a man examine himself, and so eat of the bread and drink of the cup.—I Cor. 11:28

THE GOSPEL of Jesus Christ always has invoked personal response. Throughout his ministry, Jesus placed great value upon the individual. He simply could not overlook the man in the masses. Zacchaeus, called from the crowd at the roadside, was heard to declare his intent to lead a new and different life.

This was not a unique instance. The woman at the well suddenly became ashamed when the Master revealed himself. His warm personality had a certain healing quality about it. Even children found his message interesting and inviting.

At times the disciples had to be reminded of the seriousness of following Christ. They enjoyed his popularity and coveted his power. But gradually they learned his way.

On the eve of his trial Jesus sat in close fellowship with his disciples. Just before he blessed the bread and the cup, he paused to make a startling announcement: "One of you will betray me." Had we been there we would have cast our eyes about the circle for any sign of the betrayer, but "they began to be sorrowful, and to say to him one after another, 'Is it I?' "

St. Paul takes this personal relationship of the individual with Christ to be the heart of the Gospel. He did not find the full meaning of life until he had seen himself measured against the teachings of Jesus. Let each of us today examine our love for Jesus Christ. Let us remind ourselves, as we share in the bread and the cup, that we share in his life.

Prayer: Our heavenly Father, give us the courage to look honestly at ourselves. Enable us to correct our faults and to live as Christians for Christ's sake. Amen.

—HUGH V. FERGUSON

NOVEMBER 10

So we, though many, are one body in Christ, and individually members one of another.
—Rom. 12:5

A MOST PITIFUL person has just left my office. She has been taught from childhood to fear what life might do to her. She represents a multitude who out of distrust have never given themselves in abandonment to any person or cause. She protects herself from the hurts that come of giving her life to others or of taking the life of others unto herself. This has brought her, not happiness, but poverty and misery. God has made man for adventurous living. He can't find the good life in the sheltered protection of any imaginary retreat.

Jesus calls us to the adventures of the full and good life. He said: "I came that they may have life, and have it abundantly."

Jesus himself gives us the example. He was at the wedding

Hayden Swift Sears
Tucson, Ariz.

feast making merry the festive occasion. He was at the dinner table providing a fellowship equal to the food. He was at the tomb, sharing the sorrows of friends. One of the most revealing passages in the Bible is the shortest verse: "Jesus wept." Though pure and holy, he shared men's sins. The cross was a burden he took unto himself. It was his joy and sorrow, ". . . who for the joy that was set before him endured the cross."

St. Paul saw that the essence of Christian living was the sharing of the life of others. He said, in effect, if you want to be gloriously happy "rejoice with those that do rejoice and weep with them that weep." This is the fountain of happiness for the Christian.

Although our joy and our peace comes from God, it comes in and through human relations. When we share another's burden, God through the *indwelling* divine of his Holy Spirit imports a strength and a holy peace. When we unselfishly share another's joy, there comes into our lives a divine hilarity, not of man but of God. Happy is the person who has the God-given faith and courage which causes him to share the joy and sorrow of his fellow man.

Prayer: Our Father, give us our daily bread, forgive our trespasses, lead us not into temptation, deliver us from evil, teach us that we are not alone in life, in work, in play, nor without thee. Amen.

—HAYDEN SWIFT SEARS

"Sure, a feller can read with only one eye," says Lynn Mooberry, who'll use both again soon.

Des Moines Methodist churches join in a unique hospital program where . . .

Sunday School Comes to

SUNDAY MORNING is no longer the lonesomest morning of the week at Raymond Blank Memorial Hospital for Children, a part of Iowa Methodist Hospital in Des Moines.

Shortly before 9:30 A.M. each Sunday a procession of wheel chairs, beds, and stretchers moves down gleaming corridors to the recreation room. The little patient who has missed parents and the security of home finds colorful pictures, magazines, an altar, a piano—and the friendly, smiling faces of visiting church-school teachers.

Said one teacher: "For the children, it is much like Sunday school at church, complete with laughter, songs, and friendships. Somehow the face of a hospitalized child lighting up with faith has a special significance as he sings, 'Jesus loves me, this I know, 'cause the Bible tells me so.' "

Des Moines' hospital Sunday school is sponsored by 14 Methodist churches, but the classes are nondenominational. Children too ill to attend are visited by special teachers and there's a class turnover about once every week.

"In reality, our Sunday school becomes a type of therapy which aids in the physical recovery of the child from his illness," says the Rev. Russell C. Striffler, clinical chaplain. "It is felt that it really has a part in promoting the emotional, the physical, and the spiritual well-being of the little folks who must spend some time in our hospital."

What could be more delightful than the Sunday-school lesson taught by Mrs. Carrie Haversten in a room of Disney murals?

the Children

PHOTOGRAPHS BY GEORGE P. MILLER

Here's how many a youngster goes to Sunday school while he's a patient at Iowa Methodist Hospital.

Absorbed in a Bible story, Lecinda Valdez almost forgets she is in a hospital.

Elsie Keith, chairman of the Sunday school, plans another children's service with the Rev. Russell Striffler.

No cold, impersonal hospital is this. Here song and story help make a child's long hours of convalescence less frightening.

NEWS of the world parish

Nashville Leaders Score Desegregation Bombing

Dynamiting of a public school at Nashville, Tenn., during recent desegregation disorders, promptly brought from Methodist leaders there a strong statement of protest against violence. It declared:

"As residents of the community and officials of The Methodist Church at large, whose offices are located in Nashville, we deplore the utter and indefensible lawlessness which in the early morning hours of Sept. 10 resulted in the dynamiting and destruction of the Hattie Cotton school. We believe that the citizens of our city share our feeling and are likewise greatly shocked by this tragic occurrence. We commend our school officials and public officers for their efforts to preserve law and order."

The statement was signed by Bishop Roy H. Short, bishop of the Nashville area; Dr. Harry Denman, general secretary, Board of Evangelism; Dr. J. Manning Potts, editor, *The Upper Room;* Dr. Leon M. Adkins, general secretary, local church division, Board of Education; Dr. Henry M. Bullock, general secretary, editorial division, Board of Education; the Rev. J. Richard Spann, Board of Education; the Rev. Horace Williams, secretary, Interboard Commission; Lovick Pierce, president and publisher, the Methodist Publishing House; Dr. Harry Spencer, secretary, TRAFCO, and Dr. Foye G. Gibson, president, Scarritt College.

Earlier many Nashville ministers preached or made statements urging acceptance of desegregation in a "Christian spirit" and belief in the brotherhood of man. The sermons were requested by the Nashville Association of Churches and Ministers' Association.

On the trouble front at Little Rock, Ark., Methodist clergymen joined 16 other ministers in condemning use of the National Guard to prevent integration in Central High School. Several non-Methodist clergymen, however, approved state laws calling for public-school segregation. They also praised Gov. Orval E. Faubus for his avowed desire to preserve law and order and his assertion that the U.S. Constitution leaves education to the states.

Meanwhile, local optional integration of Negro and white Methodist conferences has been assured by a 93-to-5 vote

New officers who will lead the National Conference of Methodist Youth in the coming year are, from left, Jim L. Waits, vice president, of Hattiesburg, Miss.; Miss Katie Haynes, recording secretary, of Birmingham, Ala.; John E. Corson, president, of Modesto, Calif.; and Edward Stack, re-elected recording secretary, of Sea Cliff, N.Y. The organization held its annual meeting at the University of Denver.

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METHODIST ALMANACK

A Miscellaney of Dates & Divers Interesting Matters for People Called Methodist

The heart of the fool is in his mouth, but the mouth of the wise man is in his heart—B. Franklin

OCTOBER hath XXXI days — 10th Month

It is the Indian summer . . . The wind is soft and low. It wafts to us the odor of forest leaves, that hang wilted on the dripping branches . . . Their gorgeous tints are gone, as if the autumnal rains had washed them out. Orange, yellow, and scarlet, all are changed to one melancholy russet hue.—H. W. Longfellow

15	Tu	Pugnacious pugilist J. L. Sullivan b. 1858
16	W	J. Wesley starts preaching, 1725
17	Th	*Growth is the only evidence of life*
18	Fr	Negro first entertained at White House, 1901 (Booker T. Washington's host: Theo. Roosevelt)
19	Sa	Cornwallis lays down sword, war ends, 1781
20	S	Laymen's Sunday
21	M	Edison's incandescent lamp burns, 1879
22	Tu	Sam Houston is first Texas president, 1836
23	W	*Flattery is a fool's feast*
24	Th	United Nations Day: 12th birthday
25	Fr	WSCS Week of Prayer and Self-denial
26	Sa	World supposedly began, 9 A. M., 4004 B. C. (a disproved theory of J. Usher in 1650)
27	S	World Temperance Sunday
28	M	First Protestant service for Indians, 1646
29	Tu	Boom boomerangs, stocks plummet, 1929
30	W	Early Methodist chapel dedicated, 1768
31	Th	Reformation Day Halloween: *Gobble-uns'll git you*

■ Methodism's founder spoke in South Leigh, England. During early ministry he assumed "that all to whom I preached were believers, and that many. . . needed no repentance." But he learned fast, later converted Irishman Philip Embury in "an irreligious, swearing, drunken community." Preacher-carpenter Embury came to America, formed New York's John St. Society, and helped build its chapel. The present edifice is the popular "Shrine of American Methodism" and stands on the site of the original chapel.

NOVEMBER hath XXX days — 11th Month

These are the days when birds come back,
A very few, a bird or two,
To take a backward look.—E. Dickinson

1	Fr	Religion in American Life Month
2	Sa	Methodist J. K. Polk, 11th president, b. 1795
3	S	World Peace Sunday
4	M	*A wise man hath more ballast than sail*
5	Tu	General Election Day
6	W	Basketball's inventor Naismith b. 1861
7	Th	Total eclipse of the moon before dawn (visible in U. S. only from the West Coast)
8	Fr	B. Franklin starts circulating library, 1731
9	Sa	Texas, Wyoming elect woman governors, 1924
10	S	World Order Sunday M. Luther, founder of Protestantism, b. 1483
11	M	Veterans Day
12	Tu	Council of Bishops at Gatlinburg, Tenn.
13	W	*A small leak will sink a big ship*
14	Th	Mamie Eisenhower is 61 today

■ Like A. A. Stagg (see August TOGETHER), James Naismith looked on athletics as a form of preaching. In 1891, while at YMCA Training College (now Springfield, Mass., College), he devised what now is the most popular U. S. spectator sport.

of this year's annual conferences. The amendment makes it possible for Negro and white conferences to merge—but only where the conferences concerned vote to do so. (Negro conferences now are associated in the non-geographical Central Jurisdiction.) The amendment also provides for transfer of Negro bishops from one jurisdiction to another. It becomes effective when the Council of Bishops announces it has the necessary two-thirds vote.

In Denver, Colo., more than 200 young people, attending the National Conference of Methodist Youth, have praised the annual conferences which passed the constitutional amendment concerning mergers of conferences and churches involving the Central Jurisdiction.

The conference urged dissolving the jurisdiction "with all possible haste." It also has drawn up plans to work for nationwide integration.

Not all church groups favor desegregation, however. Several Methodist churches in Alabama have passed resolutions protesting the use of money contributed to church agencies which promote racial integration.

Although the Southern Presbyterian Church is officially in favor of desegregation, some members say segregation is for "the highest interests of the races." This statement was made by *The Southern Presbyterian Journal.*

40-Year Stars for Attendance!

Here's a hard-to-beat Sunday-school record:

The five children of Mr. and Mrs. Leon P. Steward, St. Petersburg, Fla., have piled up a cumulative 40 years of perfect attendance. They did it despite the usual bouts with chicken pox, mumps, and other childhood afflictions. The family belongs to North Side Methodist Church.

Champion among them is 15-year-old Grace, who recently received a 12-year attendance pin. Joan and Janet each have 11 years; Joe four years and Johnny, two years.

Methodists Lead in 16 States

Methodism now is the major Protestant denomination in 16 states, ranks second in 21, and is among the first four in all states.

That's the showing in a survey by the Division of National Missions, Methodist Church. It also shows Protestant membership surpassing Roman Catholic in 33 states and the District of Columbia.

Methodists are most concentrated in Delaware, where 12 out of every 100 persons follow the religion of John Wesley. And they number more than 10 per cent of the population in West Virginia, Kansas, Virginia, Iowa, Ten-

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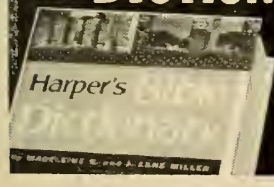

By Madeleine S. & J. Lane Miller
HARPER & BROTHERS N. Y.

nessee, Arkansas, Mississippi, Alabama, and Oklahoma.

Methodists lead in government, too. Thirteen governors are Methodists. Baptists are next with eight, followed by seven Episcopalians, six Presbyterians, five Roman Catholics, four Lutherans, two Congregational Christians, one Jew, one Mormon, and one with no church affiliation.

And Methodism is well represented in Congress—with 18 senators and 87 representatives as against 94 Roman Catholics, 68 Baptists, 68 Presbyterians, and 60 Episcopalians.

Charles Wesley Gets Spotlight 250 Years After His Birth

More people are learning more about Charles Wesley this year than ever before. The man who wrote some 6,500 hymns has long stood in the shadow of his more famous brother, John, Methodism's founder. But this year—anniversary of his birth—Charles has the spotlight!

Born Dec. 18, 1707, Charles lived most of his 80 years in England. A preacher and hymn writer who played a key role in establishing Methodism, he found time, however, to travel in America and Ireland, preaching and leading hymn sings. He died March 29, 1788.

Now, in his honor, other Protestant denominations as well as Methodists are commemorating his birth with special services and hymn festivals.

Climax of the year-long celebrations in the U.S. will be the *première* of a new oratorio at the University of Kansas next New Year's Eve. The work was commissioned by the National Council of Churches.

At Boston's Old North Church, where Charles first preached on Sept. 26, 1736, he was honored at a memorial service on Sept. 27. Bishop John Wesley Lord, Methodist Bishop of New England, was among those participating.

On Dec. 15, New England Methodists will hold a Charles Wesley observance in Boston's Symphony Hall. The Hymn Society of America and interdenominational groups are expected to join.

Another hymn service, a two-day festival, honored Charles this summer at Lake Junaluska. It was sponsored jointly by the Southeastern Jurisdictional Council, the Hymn Society of America, and the Southeastern Jurisdictional Methodist Historical Society.

In addition, a Charles Wesley hymn service has been compiled by the Rev. Glen Johnson, minister of music, First Church, Dallas, Tex., and published as a booklet by Tidings, 1908 Grand Avenue, Nashville 5, Tenn.

TOGETHER for September reproduced in color a new portrait of Charles Wesley and carried an article about him by

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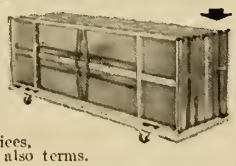

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Charles W. Ferguson, senior editor of *The Reader's Digest.* The same issue featured water colors by Floyd A. Johnson, depicting the Wesley brothers in Georgia.

Methodists Visit the UN

Methodists from 18 states will discover what their church is doing about world peace when they visit the United Nations this fall under auspices of the Board of World Peace.

Some 1,300 Methodists already have participated in these board-sponsored seminars on how the UN operates by talking with UN officials and observing the sessions.

The board is devoted to helping Methodists "learn the ways of peace." Among other activities it makes available publications and filmstrips; sponsors youth exchanges, workshops, and forums; rallies support for the UN; urges universal disarmament and nonmilitary foreign aid in Congress, and promotes the use of atomic energy for peaceful purposes.

Seminars this fall include:

Arlington, Va., Sept. 24-26; Michigan Annual Conference, Sept. 30-Oct. 3; Indiana Area, Oct. 7-10; Holston and Memphis Conferences, Oct. 14-17; Minnesota Conference, Oct. 21-24; Central Kansas Conference, Oct. 28-31; Central Pennsylvania Conference, Nov. 4-7; North-East Ohio Conference, Nov. 11-14; Baltimore Conference, Nov. 18-21, and New York East Conference, Dec. 2-5.

Also, several groups from Little Rock Conference and North Georgia Conference have applied for seminar dates this year.

Will Billy's Converts Stick?

The No. 1 evangelist of our time is tackling Gotham again.

Refreshed after three weeks of golfing and "eating as much as possible," at his Montreat, N.C., home, Billy Graham is back in New York, this time for "visitation evangelism." Volunteers are conducting a mighty house-to-house campaign and they will wind up with a giant rally in the 63,000-capacity Polo Grounds on Reformation Sunday, Oct. 31.

As for his 16-week crusade in Madison Square Garden, the big question now is: How many of the 56,426 converts will stick? Graham's aids explain it will take three years to get an accurate picture. But they claim studies in England and Scotland indicated 70 per cent remained active in their churches.

No other personality, politician or entertainer, has hit New York with Graham's impact, observers say. He set records for duration and attendance at the Garden (where 1.7 million people attended 97 meetings), and for a single

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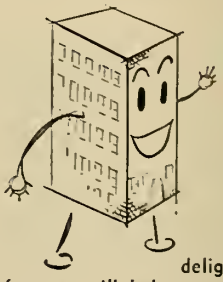

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appearance at Yankee Stadium (100,000). He also preached to thousands in Wall Street, Harlem, Central Park and scores of other sites in the big city. In Times Square, 75,000 heard his farewell sermon.

"This thing has been of God," Dr. John A. Mackay, president of Princeton Theological Seminary, says. "The fact that vast audiences have listened to a Christian evangelist night after night for more than three months through the swelter of an unprecedentedly hot summer is clear evidence of the intense thirst for spiritual satisfaction in life.

"Let no one look down his ecclesiastical, theological, or culturally sophisticated nose at what has been happening." Then, in what many churchmen viewed as an answer to criticism of the Rev. Reinhold Niebuhr, he added:

"It is unfair to demand that Billy Graham should have offered a blueprint for the solution of complicated social issues in our highly industrialized mass society or that he should be a trained theologian." Niebuhr had criticized Graham for not providing an answer to world problems.

In January and February the Billy Graham team will tour nine Caribbean countries. He will begin a San Francisco crusade April 27.

20 Win Methodist Scholarships

Twenty college graduate students have received $34,000 in scholarships for 1957-58 from the Methodist Board of Education.

The students are in training to be Christian-education leaders for colleges, universities, and seminaries, and for Methodist churches, districts, and conferences:

Charles W. Estus, New York City; Jack F. Padgett, Brighton, Mass.; Norman J. Young, Madison, N.J.; Lee H. Reiff, Dallas, Tex.; Ferris C. Baker, Dallas, Tex.; Charles F. McCook, Lizella, Ga.; Arvid J. Carlson, Princeton, N.J.; Benjamin B. Conley, Pensacola, Fla.; Wilhelmina J. Gilbert, Titusville, Fla.; Donald G. Mathews, Nampa, Ida.

Betty L. Bentley, Abbeville, La.; Ruth M. Butters, Minneapolis, Minn.; Beth E. Harrington, Sanborn, N.Y.; Carol L. Wagner, Trucksville, Pa.; Edwin T. Upton, Yazoo City, Miss.; Charles J. Dean, Athens, Ala.; Robert J. Trobaugh, Nashville, Tenn.; Donald A. Junkins, Saugus, Mass.; Charles M. Prestwood, Jr., Brewton, Ala., and Donald G. Niswander, Chicago.

New Site for D.C. Hospital

A bill to allow Sibley Hospital in Washington, D.C., to build on 12 acres of land near Methodist-related American University has passed Congress.

Under the bill, the tract will be transferred to Sibley in exchange for the Hahnemann Hospital, a downtown Methodist institution now merged with Sibley. Seven acres of land on the AU campus—originally planned as a site for Sibley Hospital—will be used for university expansion.

The General Services Administration will help finance the new hospital under a Hospital Center Act appropriation. The hospital is owned and operated by the Woman's Division of Christian Service.

Now, Drama Goes to Church

Drama is returning to the Christian churches. Originally, during the Middle Ages, drama started in the churches, with morality plays serving as interpretations of Scripture for the unlettered masses. From there, it moved on into secular sites—but now it is returning to supplement the presentation of religion.

Mounting evidence is coming from many sources. This summer, a number of religious-drama workshops have demonstrated the vitality religion can have when its moral lessons are presented on stage and platform.

At Princeton Theological Seminary, the Bishop's Company, a religious-repertory troupe, staged two plays in the seminary chapel. They were, *Cry the Beloved Country,* adapted from the book by Alan Paton, and *A Sleep of Prisoners,* by Christopher Fry. Two hundred ministers and laymen participated in a drama workshop designed to help them stage religious drama in their churches.

The company of 13 professional Hollywood actors, devoting their lives to religious drama, was formed in 1952 in California to bring drama back to the church. Methodist Bishop Gerald H. Kennedy of Los Angeles played a leading role in founding the group.

The company also presented four religious dramas at the Third Methodist Convocation for Adults at Lake Junaluska in August. They were: *The Boy With a Cart, The Devil and Daniel Webster, A Family Portrait,* and *St. Joan.*

Further evidence of the interest in drama as an integral part of religious life comes from Scarritt College in Nashville, Tenn., where 40 workshoppers, mostly Methodist college students, spent a week at the Second National Methodist Religious Drama Workshop.

At Lancaster (Ohio) Methodist Campground, a new play on the life of Francis Asbury had its world *première. Glory for the Land* was written by the Rev. Donald Mauck, First Methodist Church, Amelia, Ohio, and was presented by the Hilltop Players, drama-workshop project of the National Council of Churches.

Near Roanoke, Va., the Roanoke Valley Drama Association, Inc., this summer presented a religious drama on the life of St. Paul, *Thy Kingdom Come.*

The idea for the outdoor amphitheater, in which the summer-long project was staged, came from James R. Goodwin, Jr., a Methodist layman of Salem, Va.

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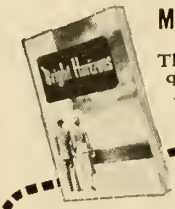

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MINDY MAPLE LEAF

By Margaret Evelyn Singleton

MINDY MAPLE LEAF was part of a maple tree in a beautiful garden. She and her leaf sisters helped to make a cool patch of shade on the lawn.

Mindy loved to flutter and dance when a breeze came by. Sometimes she wished she could shake loose and be free to really go somewhere.

"Will I have to stay here forever?" she asked her mother tree. "Will I ever get to go anywhere else?"

"Yes, you'll go somewhere else," said her mother tree. "When the summer is gone, the color of your dress will change and you'll leave me."

"What color will my dress be?" Mindy cried. "A new dress would be wonderful!"

"Crimson red," her mother tree answered.

"And where shall I go?" Mindy swung excitedly on her little twig.

"Perhaps far away. Perhaps very near. It depends on where God wants you to go and whether the wind blows when it's time."

"When will it be time?" Mindy asked.

"When the days are short and the nights are cold," said her mother tree.

Mindy could hardly wait. The days and nights passed slowly. They grew cooler. Mindy waited and waited for her green dress to change color. Every day she looked to see if anything had happened.

One night the air was very cold. The sky sparkled with stars and the grass sparkled with frost. Mindy felt tingly inside, as though something were happening at last. And it was. The next morning she had her crimson red dress.

Mindy and her leaf sisters made the whole tree look like a big bonfire. Everyone who passed stopped to admire it. Mindy almost wished she could stay, but she felt her stem loosening a little each night.

One cold day the west wind blew extra hard. Mindy fluttered and danced until she shook right off her twig.

"Come on, little leaf," cried the west wind, "let's travel!"

"I'm off! Good-by, good-by," Mindy called as she sailed away.

The west wind twirled and tossed her higher and higher. She sailed past all the neighbors' yards and other yards she had never seen before. Then she began to tire of being carried by the wind.

After a while the west wind tired too. Mindy floated to the ground. She didn't like the feel of it. She didn't like the looks of it either. It was gray and hard and there were no flowers or grass in sight. Tall buildings were all around her. Cars whizzed past and people almost stepped on her.

"Where am I?" she asked a sparrow hopping past.

"This is the city," chirped the sparrow as he hopped away.

Poor Mindy! She lay on the sidewalk and thought of her mother tree and the beautiful garden. She wondered if her leaf sisters had sailed away, too.

A voice above her said, "There's a pretty one. Let's take it home and press it in a book." A hand reached down to pick her up.

"No, no!" Mindy wailed. "I don't want to be pressed in a book!" But the hand picked her up. Mindy trembled.

At that moment the east wind rushed up. "Come on, little leaf, let's travel!"

"Yes, let's!" cried Mindy. "Please take me back to the beautiful garden."

The east wind snatched Mindy out of the hand and blew her up, up into the sky. Mindy sailed back the same way she had come with the west wind.

When she saw the garden she said, "There it is! Thank you for bringing me back."

The east wind held his breath long enough for Mindy to float down to the grass. "Look, mother tree, I'm back!"

"Good," said her mother tree. "You can help some of your leaf sisters cover the flowers."

A small gust of air rolled Mindy over to a flower bed. She sighed contentedly and then settled down to help keep the garden warm all winter.

GOD MADE ALL THINGS

God made the sun, he made the rain,
He made the grass, he made the grain
That we might have good bread to eat.
He made our hands, he made our feet
That we might run and work and play
And so be happy every day.

I think he wants us to be glad
For all the blessings we have had,
And never fail to tell him so
Each day as on and on we go.
He wants us to be good, you see,
And that is what we ought to be.

—Grace Noll Crowell

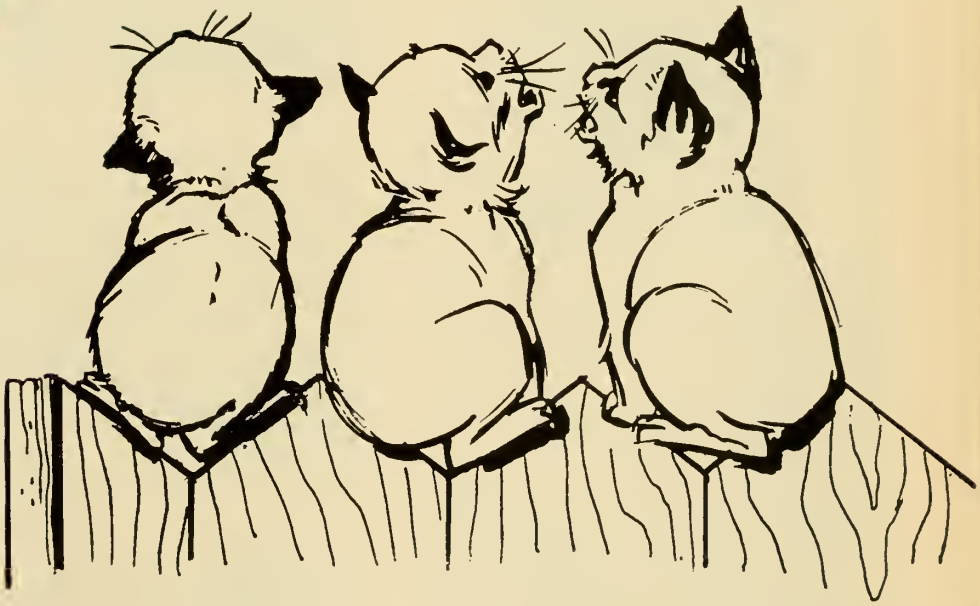
Tick Tock Talks

Old Tick Tock says
That Halloween
Is not a time
For being mean;
Put on a mask
And have some fun
But don't do tricks
Which hurt someone.

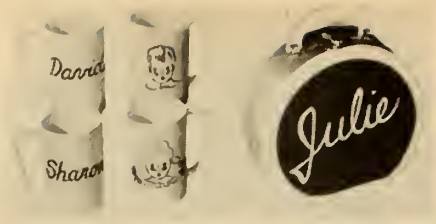
Jack's Joke

Old Jack Frost is such a tease!
He splashes red upon the trees,
And then (still giggling, I suppose),
He dabs a little on my nose!

—IDA M. PARDUE



Why do you suppose these cats are howling so? Perhaps because it's Halloween time—but maybe it's because they haven't any tails! Why don't you make some out of yarn, string, or paper? Just tape them right onto the unhappy cats. If you make the tails long enough, they'll hang right off the page.



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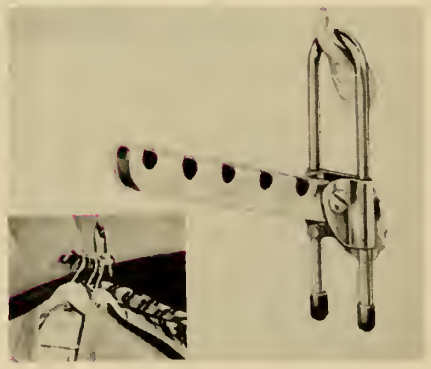

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Weather All Cover Pants and Mitts

You can pay more money, but you can't buy better or tougher pants and mitts for kids! Weather-All Pants are windproof, waterproof, warm but non-bulky, and they can be wiped clean with a sudsy cloth when soiled! They're made of husky, durable U. S. Naugalite—sturdy vinyl permanently fused to a warm knitted back with extra strength, stoutly stitched seams that can stand any amount of rough and tumble play. Pants never get wet, cold or soggy, and stay soft and pliable even in freezing weather. Pants are in bright non-fade red or charcoal and have firm elastic waistband and anklets. They're easy to slip into—easy to slide out of, and they're tough enough for the roughest boy, smart enough for the choosiest girl! Sizes are 2-4-6-8, $4.95 each.
Matching Mitts slip over their wool mitts and are durable, waterproof, and scuff resistant. You may have them in red or charcoal with husky tape binding. Mitts come in sizes Sm(3-4 years), Med(5-6 yrs) or Lg(7-10 yrs). $1.00 a pair. Have either one of these—and you've really weatherproofed the Kids!

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Let's Get Acquainted

Saroyan: "I wrote for my son and daughter long before they were born."

TO EACH of his works, **William Saroyan** has brought the greatest of all gifts—his heart. His plays, his novels, his moving pictures all reflect the priceless quality of his understanding of people. One of our editors, reading the manuscript of *A Proud Son* (page 14), asked Saroyan what goals he set when he sat down at his typewriter. His reply gave such a rare view of a gifted writer's philosophy that we'd like to share it with you:

"All my writing comes out of what I have lived and what I have learned and what I know, and this is true enough of *A Proud Son*. The story was surely brought home to me by my son Aram (13) three or four years ago, and I wrote it before it could get away . . . Most writers dedicate their first books to their fathers and mothers, which is altogether in order. After writing for their fathers and mothers . . . writers write for their sons and daughters. I believe I wrote for my son and my daughter (Lucy, 11), long before they were born. I named one book *My Name Is Aram* for my son, 10 or more years before I was married, even. *Mama, I Love You* is a novel I wrote for Lucy. *Papa, You're Crazy* is another, for Aram. Why did I do it? Well, I am a father to begin with: I love my children and I love people: and each of them asked me to write the books, and I very much wanted to—I certainly wanted to see if I could. They have read the books two or three times each, and they like them. Other fathers and other sons and daughters have read them and written to me about them, and they seem to like them, too. A writer writes for God and the human family."

OUR CAMERA CLIQUE

If you're a camera fan, you probably looked with special interest at this month's photo features: *How Their House Became a Home,* page 16, and *Sunday School Comes to the Children* on 66. They represent the hottest trend in black-and-white photography today: primary use of natural light. **George P. Miller** and **Dick Miller** (no relation, incidentally) used daylight to get these realistic pictures. We hope the results will inspire you to try some of the new, fast films, speedy lenses, and special developers. Experiment, and soon you'll be taking *Life*-like pictures. As one expert said recently, now you can practically photograph a black cat in a coalbin at midnight . . . without artificial light!

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Religious education for eager children such as these makes up a large part of Methodism's work in Malayan schools.

Methodists Face Tests in Malaya

Malayan youth form one of the church's strongest arms. Below, an MYF leader lectures on his strategic homeland in Southeast Asia.

AS MALAYA celebrated independence from Britain last August 31, Methodism's 73 missionaries there found themselves face to face with critical new tests. Islam, the official religion, is in resurgence. Anti-Western propaganda has been intensified. Communism is a direct threat.

The Protestant missionary has an imposing task before him. But he is not entirely unprepared. In 1948, foreseeing the day of Malayan independence, Methodists joined Anglicans and Presbyterians to establish Singapore's Trinity College. There 50 Asians now are studying theology and preparing to take over more and more work of the church. Another 20 are set to enter this fall.

Before long, says Methodist missionary Robert F. Lundy, the foreign missionary in Malaya and other sections of Asia "will be the expendable circuit rider of the modern church." This does not mean that the overseas missionary has yet had his day: It does mean he must assume a new role, find new approaches, work harder to make the church understood and effective despite the anti-Western attacks.

"As American missionaries," says Lundy, "we are not tourists sampling this or that souvenir or custom, but fellow Christians ready to share and

At Wesley Church in Kuala Lumpur, services are held in English. Today there are 113 Methodist congregations, most self-supporting. About 2 per cent of Malayans are Christian.

The religious freedom of this Malayan Methodist family is guaranteed. Most of our work is done in English, Tamil, and Malayan languages.

share alike with Malayan Christians... If anti-Western feeling does come with national independence, it will not be a different pattern from what has prevailed in Burma, Indonesia, and the Philippines in the last 10 years, to a degree.

"Missionaries sometimes inherit resentment at standards of living which seem luxurious to others, and also the feeling described by one author as 'a deeply ingrained distrust on the part of former colonial peoples toward all westerners.'"

If stronger feeling against the West develops in Malaya with national independence, it will be similar to that in other Asiatic countries where 700 million people have gained political independence in the last 10 years. The missionary's job then, experts say, is to keep a level head and do nothing to stir up these deep-seated resentments.

Missionaries are working to meet these problems, realizing they must accept Malayan leadership and its inevitable learners' mistakes. They must adapt to Malayan standards of living—high for Asia but lower than that of the countries of the West. This takes hard work and understanding. They must get along without freezers, TV, and many other "necessities" of modern-day living.

Meanwhile, the focus is on 6 million Malayans who live on a peninsula rich in tin and rubber—a hot, damp region of dense jungles, mountains, and rivers. British Malaya exhibits a wide variety of religious faiths, ranging all the way from Christianity through Islam, Confucianism, Taoism, Hinduism, and Buddhism.

Wherever the Malay population is dominant, Christian schools do not have government aid, and the Christian church finds its range of possible activity much more circumscribed. Among the 47,461 Protestants in Malaya, there are 12,000 Methodists in full membership and about 10,000 preparing for membership.

There are 113 Methodist congregations in two conferences, many of them completely self-supporting, some partially so, and some supported by mission funds. This does not include Singapore, commercial capital of Southeast Asia, where there are 23 Methodist congregations, meeting in 14 church buildings. These congregations speak Chinese, English, Tamil, and Malay, have a full and preparatory membership of 8,630. There are active Sunday schools, MYFs, and woman's societies. A number of the churches are self-supporting. The Rev. and Mrs. William Oldham went to Singapore in 1885 to lay the foundations for development of these churches.

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*TOGETHER *reader Jan S. Doward, Auburn, Wash., took this photo,* Story Hour, *which illustrates the Christian family theme.*

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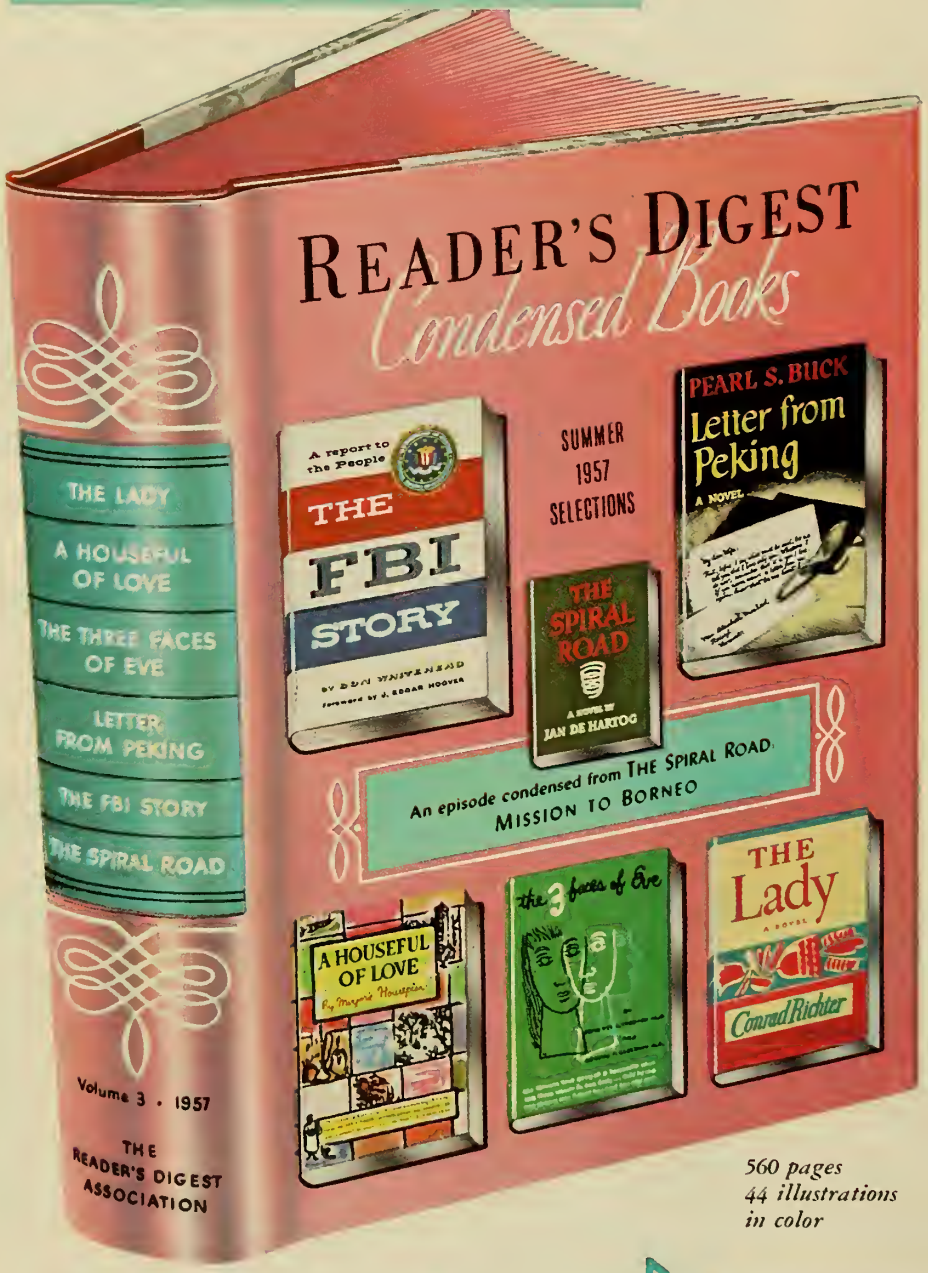

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